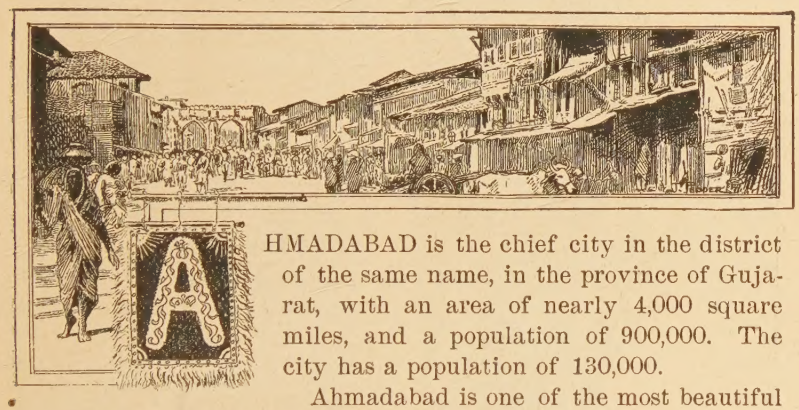
THE

Methodist Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

II.



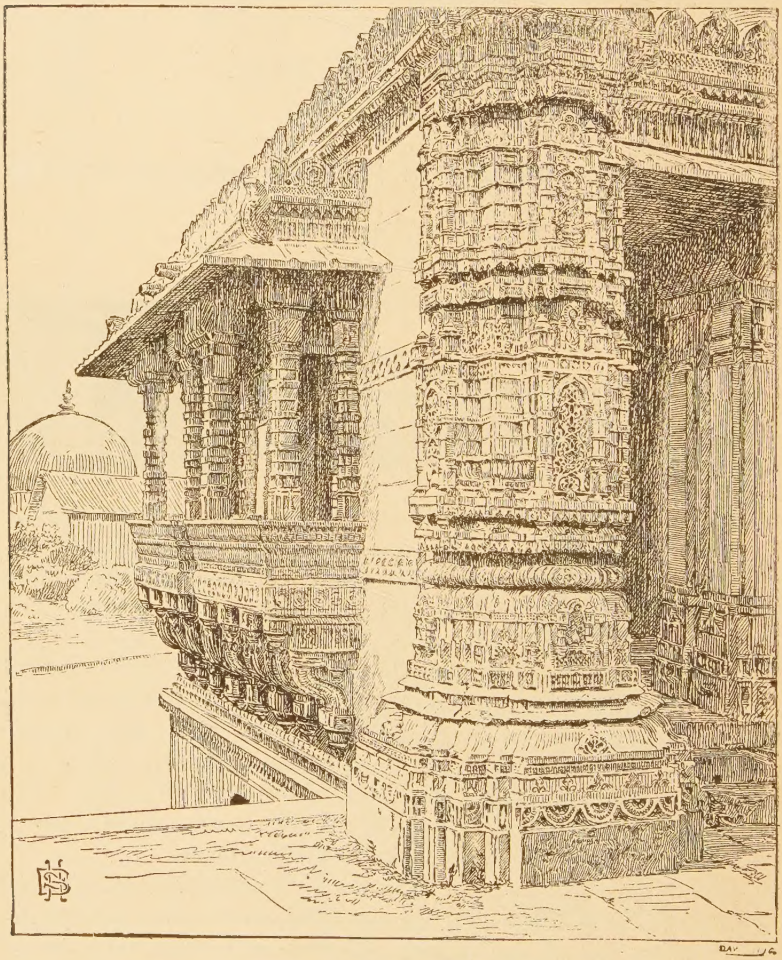
AHMADABAD is the chief city in the district of the same name, in the province of Gujarat, with an area of nearly 4,000 square miles, and a population of 900,000. The city has a population of 130,000.

Ahmadabad is one of the most beautiful and picturesque cities in all India. The walls, which are bastioned every fifty yards, are in good preservation. The fourteen fine gateways, whose great teak doors are studded with spikes as a defence against battering elephants, are worthy of notice. The surrounding country is interesting by the remains of old suburbs, with their mosques, temples, and Musalman tombs.

The Jama Masjid mosque is in the very centre of the city; the entrance is poor and mean, but opens out into a great quadrangle 382 feet by 258, an one end of which is the mosque, with its 260 pillars and fifteen domes, the three central ones being much larger than the rest. The minarets are gone, having fallen during an earthquake some fifty years ago, and have never been rebuilt.

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. Caine, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

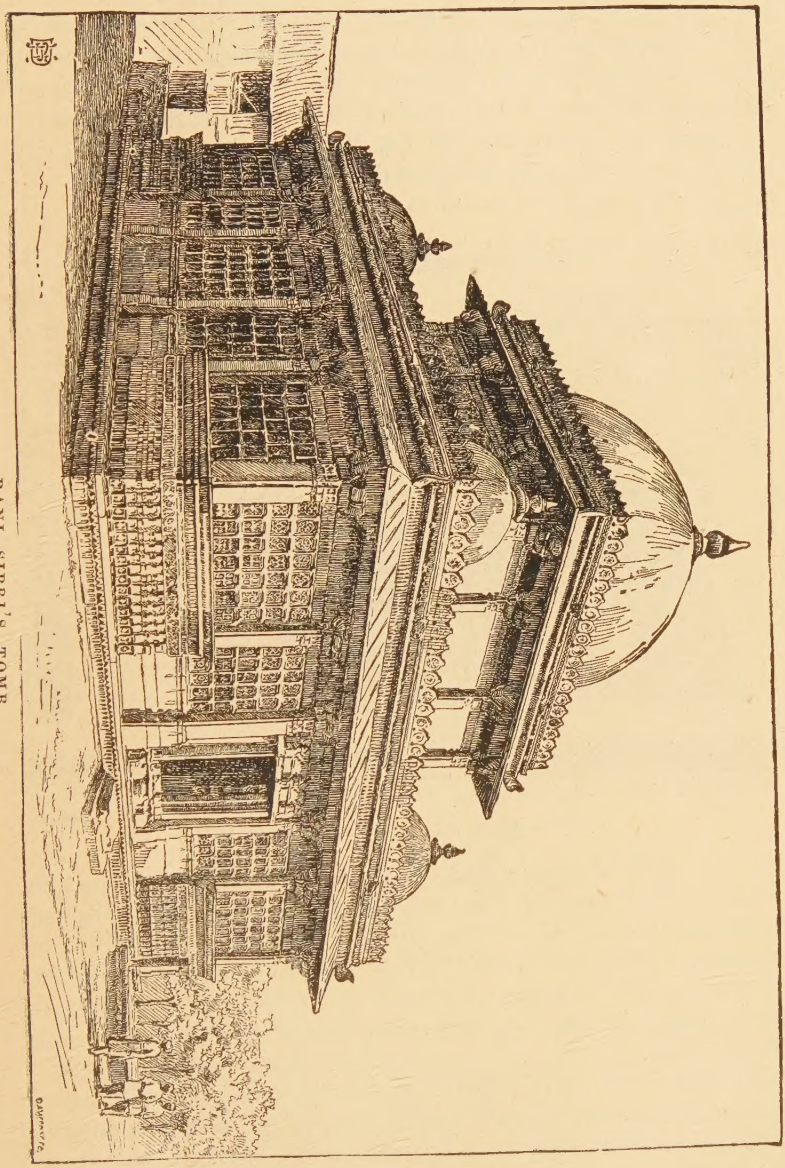
The mosque and tomb of Rani Sipri, or Isni, are two of the most exquisitely beautiful buildings in all India; Mr. Sheppard Dale's illustrations will give a better idea of the charming and infinite detail of their architecture than pages of description. They are small buildings, the mosque being 54 feet long by 19



A CORNER OF RANI SIPRI'S MOSQUE.

feet wide, and the tomb 36 feet square. Rani Sipri was a daughter-in-law of Ahmad Shah, and her mosque and mausoleum were built by herself and completed in the year 1431. Both are in red sandstone, and the mosque windows are perfect specimens of fine carving, one of which is drawn on this page. The whole building, from the base of the pillars to the topmost stone of the minaret,

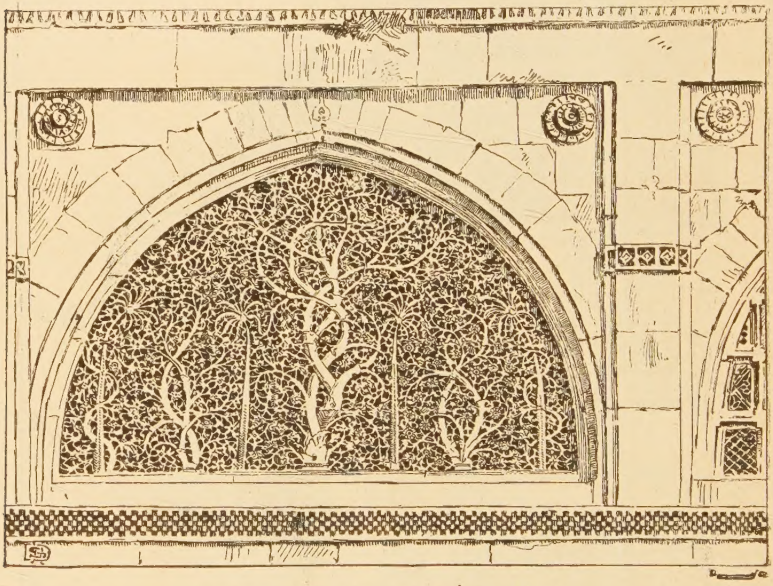
is one continuous triumph of the sculptor's art. The tomb contains two sarcophagi, and its windows and beautiful pierced work.



RANI SIPRI'S TOMB.

Sidi Sayyid's mosque is situated within the walls of the fort; it is now desecrated, and is an office connected with the local administration. The interior is without interest, but on going round

to the back of the building, five arched windows are seen; one of these has been destroyed, but the remaining four form the finest examples of pierced marble lattice-work in existence, and are alone worth coming to Ahmadabad to see. I give an illustration of one, which is a conventional treatment of a tree. The greatest possible skill is displayed both in the artistic treatment of the designs, and in the perfection of the carving itself. Beautiful as are the windows of the Taj Mahal at Agra, they are distinctly inferior in both design and workmanship to those of Sidi Sayyid's mosque at Ahmadabad.



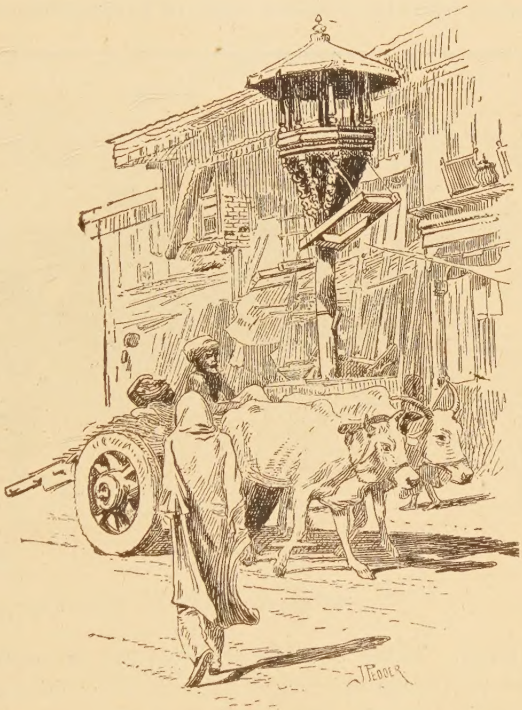
WINDOW IN SIDI SAYYID'S MOSQUE.

In the flush of Ahmadabad's glory, towards the end of the 16th century, there were not less than a thousand mosques, tombs and cenotaphs in city and suburbs, all surrounded by carefully kept gardens. They are beautiful enough in their ruin and decay to give some idea of what they must have been when those who built them, or whose fathers were buried in them, loved and tended them.

In and round Ahmadabad are several Baulis, or wells, round which, deep down beneath the surface of the soil, are pillared galleries of great extent and beauty, built as cool refuges from the fierce heat of summer. Steps lead down from portico to portico, all elaborately carved, until at last a circular well, surrounded by pillars, is reached, thirty feet below the surface; the length of the whole series is more than 150 feet.

The large Pinjrapol, or Hospital for Sick Animals, is an inclosure of about three acres, surrounded by sheds and cages, in which about 1,000 aged and diseased domestic animals have their declining years made easy. To such a degree is this care for animal life carried, that a room is reserved for the vermin which trouble the bodies of the ultra-Faithful, who will not even kill an attacking flea, which, when captured, is reverently conveyed to Pinjrapol. These interesting prisoners are fed on the bodies of men poor enough, for a small consideration, to pass the night on a bed in their private apartment.

The ruined and deserted city of Sarkhej was one of the many splendid freaks of extravagance which makes it possible to believe any of the wildest stories of the "Arabian Nights." In the middle of the 15th century, Sultan Mahmud Begara thought he would like a country villa. He proceeded to dig out a large lake of eighteen acres in extent, with thirty feet of water in it. This he surrounded with grand flights of steps, and above which rise a succession of palaces and pavilions. Here is the resplendent tomb of a favourite vizier, that would cost £50,000 to reproduce; here also he buried his queen in like magnificence, and provided a similar mausoleum for himself when his time came. All this ruined grandeur now stands solitary and forgotten, the home of storks, crows, parrots, monkeys, jackals, and alligators, with trees and brushwood choking its stately courtyards.



STREET SCENE, AHMADABAD.

The drive to Sarkhej is across the Sabarmati River, fordable

for carriages throughout the winter. Hundreds of gaily-dressed men and women are washing themselves or their clothing, or baling water into great earthenware pots on bullock-carts; in those picturesque groups which can only be seen in this land of supple grace and flowing garments.

The most beautiful silk fabrics in the world are made here. *Kincobs* are highly ornamented gold and silver-wrought silk brocades, some of which are literally stiff with precious metals. Those produced at Ahmadabad are more highly prized than any other. Sir George Birdwood maintains that the *kincobs* of India were worn by Ulysses, Helen of Troy, Solomon, Queen Esther, and

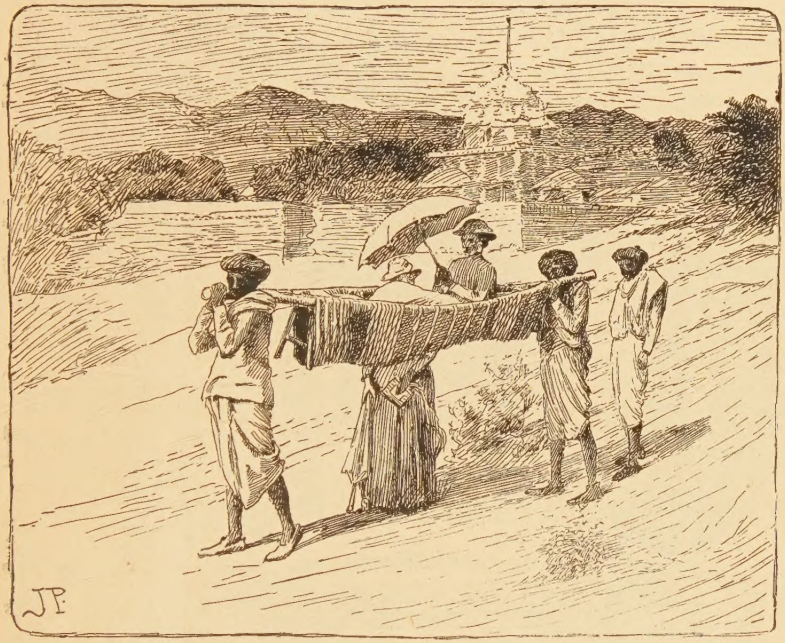
WATER-CARTS IN THE SABARMATI RIVER.

Herod. These beautiful fabrics are of course costly, but small pieces are manufactured, suitable for cushion-covers or table-mats, which may be purchased as specimens. A "piece" of *kincob* large enough for a robe costs anything from £40 to £1,000. The consumption of pottery is enormous in India, as cups and basins are seldom drunk out of twice, and never by two persons. The native liquor shop, where *mowra* and other spirit is retailed, may be easily found by the *dèbris* of broken potsherds scattered about the pavement.

The paper-makers here turn out large quantities of those mock ornaments for idols which are so common in every Hindu temple. They are cut out of thick paper, in various shapes, and stuck over with bits of many-coloured tinfoil, peacock's feathers, etc.

The great occasion for the use of these ornaments is the birthday of Krishna. A rich Hindu will often spend two or three hundred rupees in decking a single image of his god with this paper rubbish.

One of the chief features of the mission work at the Ahmadabad station is the Christian colony established in 1860 at the village of Ranipur, about four miles from the city. There some three hundred native Christians live together, supporting themselves solely by farming, their land being rented by themselves direct from



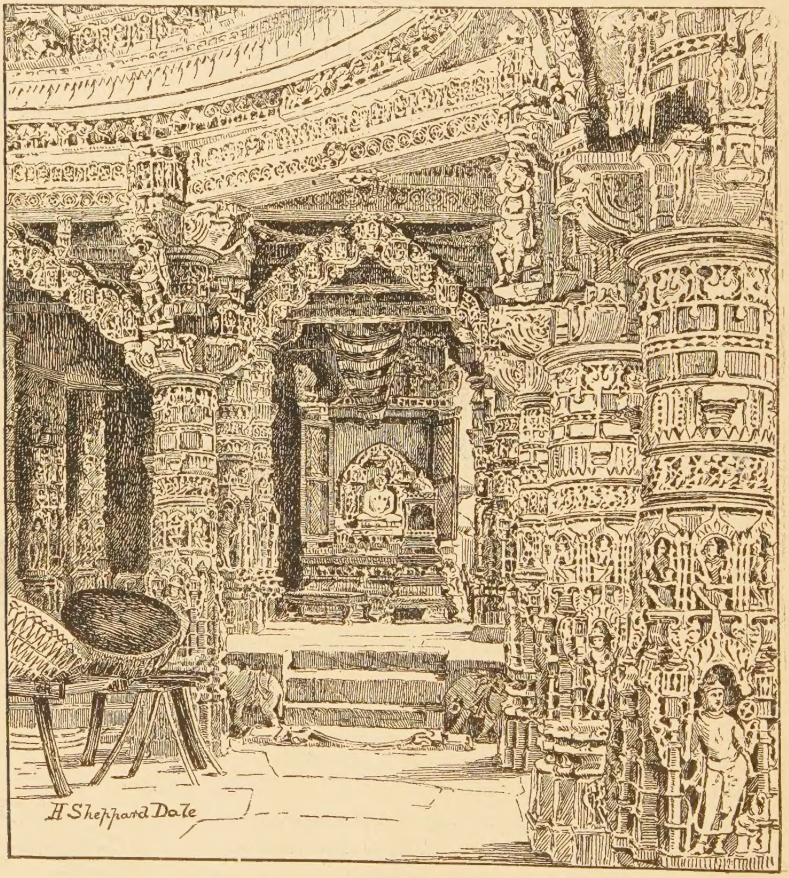
A JHAMPAN, MOUNT ABU.

the Government. This village has its church, built from subscriptions raised entirely in India, and largely from the native Christian community; its school for boys and girls, its mission bungalow, and its resident native evangelist. The colony would seem to have thriven, for it can show many fairly comfortable houses; its buffaloes and bullocks are fat and strong; both well and tank supply the village with water for man and beast, and its irrigated fields are tilled by English ploughs.

In the days of its prosperity the city is said to have contained a population of about 900,000 souls; and so great was its wealth, that some of the traders and merchants were believed to have

fortunes of not less than one million sterling. During the disorders of the latter part of the 18th century Ahmadabad suffered severely, and in 1818, when it came under British rule, was greatly depopulated and became a melancholy wreck.

Mount Abu is a journey from the station which can be done in about six hours on Jhampans, or chairs carried by coolies. The



INTERIOR OF THE VIMALA SAH TEMPLE.

road is bad, and winds along the edge of precipices; but the exquisite scenery should not be missed. Mount Abu is a striking object in the landscape for about thirty miles of the Rajputana Railway. It stands out of the great plain, a huge island of granite, finely wooded to the summit, which is an undulating plateau, the topmost point being 5,650 feet above the sea. The air is rare and refreshing, and the temperature at night quite cold.

The great sights of Mount Abu are the famous Jain temples, the finest in India, and these alone, without the scenery, fully repay the journey. They date from the 11th century, and are in perfect preservation. They are built entirely of white marble, and, as no quarries of that material exist nearer than 300 miles, the labour in transporting it across the plains, and dragging it up to the top of this steep mountain, must have been an undertaking worthy of ancient Egypt.

The older of the two was built A.D. 1032 by a merchant named Vimala Sah. It is enclosed in a courtyard about 140 x 90 feet, surrounded by a double colonnade of pillars, which form porticoes to a range of fifty-five cells. Each cell is occupied by a cross-legged image of Parswanatha, the Jain saint to whom the temple is dedicated. Over the door of each cell, and on the jambs, are sculptured scenes from his life, elaborate devices of human figures interspersed with foliage.

The picturesqueness of the situation and surroundings of these splendid temples adds greatly to their charm. There are five in all, but the Delwara are incomparably the finest. They are reputed to have cost eighteen millions sterling, and to have occupied fourteen years in building.

AFTERWARD.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

After the rock-strewn steeps of earth,
  The "pastures green" in heaven;
For every joy denied us here,
  Eternal pleasures given.

After the troubled seas below,
  The "waters still" above;
For loneliness and sighing now,
  Hearts joined in endless love.

After the fitful skies of earth,
  The changeless light of heaven;
Of every mystery in life
  God's own solution given.

Be patient, then, a little while,
  Though dark may be earth's day;
Soon will the morn of heaven break—
  The "shadows flee away."

Toronto.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

BY THE EDITOR.

I PURPOSE giving a brief account of a trip across the Continent, through our own vast Dominion, and back by the most picturesque road in the United States, covering eight thousand miles travel. As I have fully recorded my impressions of our Canadian North-West in previous numbers of this MAGAZINE, I shall very greatly condense my remarks upon this part of my journey. Leaving Toronto at eleven o'clock one night last June, I arrived next morning at North Bay, on Lake Nipissing. So calm and bright and beautiful was the outlook that it might have been taken for Biloxi Bay, in the Gulf of Mexico, two thousand miles to the south, if one could substitute the feathery palmettoes for the white barked birches. For nearly five hundred miles westward the railway traverses a wilderness of spruce, fir and poplar forest, much of it scathed and blackened with fire; and rugged ridges, and romantic lakes to Lake Superior. If there is not much above ground, there is great mineral wealth of nickel and copper beneath its surface, and a number of thriving villages give promise of future towns. In most of these, thanks to the zeal of Rev. Silas Huntingdon, a neat Methodist church may be found.

For two hundred miles we skirt the romantic shore of the magnificent Lake Superior. The whole North Shore gives evidence of energetic geological convulsion. The scenery, therefore, is of the most magnificent description and of a stern and savage grandeur. Great promontories run out from the mountain background into the lake, which makes striking indentations in the land. At one of these, Jackfish Bay, the opposite sides are within a quarter of a mile, yet the road has to run three miles to make that distance. The broad views over the steel-blue lake reminded me of those over the Gulf of Genoa from the Corniche Road. The stately cliffs, with their columnar structure, rise like castle walls built by Titan hands, painted with bright lichen, and stained and weathered by the storms of ten thousand winters.

Nipigon Bay is one of surpassing beauty. More than twenty years ago I was a passenger on the first Canadian steamer, the old *Algoma,* that ever entered the Nipigon. The columned cliffs of Thunder Cape rise majestically over thirteen hundred feet above the water, like the giant warder of the magnificent expanse of Thunder Bay. At the busy town of Port Arthur,

which was the merest hamlet when I first saw it, we strike inland again through four hundred miles of forest, lake and muskeg swamp, to the prairie city of Winnipeg. This young city, with its stately streets and stores and churches, which has grown from a population of one hundred to twenty-eight thousand in twenty years, is itself one of the marvels of the mid-continent.

Here begins that wonderful prairie region, extending eight hundred miles to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, the greatest and best wheat-producing area in the world. Only by riding over it day after day can one gain any conception of its vastness. The frequent towns and waving wheat-fields of Manitoba, and

BRANDON.

the vast ranches of the North-West, with their thousands of cattle and sheep, give promise of the great food supply with which they shall furnish the world. The engraving of Brandon will give a good idea of a live railway town, with its elevators, side tracks, etc. Here a detatchment of the Salvation Army came down to sing and pray and exhort the railway passengers whom they never should see again. The moral earnestness of these devout men and women, testifying to the kingdom of God and His righteousness, amid the hurly-burly of a railway station, was exceedingly impressive. Their stirring testimonies awoke the responsive ardour of some warm-hearted Methodists on the train, and for a time there was quite a lively love-feast in progress,

which was abruptly terminated by the "all aboard" of the conductor. It was my good fortune to meet on the train a number of Methodist ministers returning to their fields of labour from the Conference at Portage la Prairie. Notwithstanding their vast circuits, their hard work, and their not infrequent privations, they seemed full of heart and hope, and thought their country the grandest field of labour in the world. Some of these brethren, in order to attend Conference, had to travel nearly a thousand miles, or about as far as from Sarnia to Gaspé. The broad plains and billowy undulations resembled nothing so much as the vastness of the sea.

The presence of the Mounted Police is evidently a terror to evil-doers, especially to whiskey smugglers and horse thieves. The police have a smart military look, with their scarlet tunics, white helmets, spurred boots, and riding trousers. Their arms are a repeating carbine and a six-shooter, with a belt of cartridges. They made a more than perfunctory search for liquor on the train; an Irish immigrant was very indignant at this interference with the liberty of the subject. A good deal of liquor was formerly smuggled in barrels of sugar and the like, and some villainous concoctions are still brought in by traders from the American frontier. It is a glorious thing that throughout so large an area of our country the liquor traffic is under ban. God grant that these fresh and virgin prairies may continue forever uncursed by the blight of strong drink! The granting of permits, however, I was told, gives frequent opportunities for evading the prohibition.

ASSINIBOINE INDIAN.

At many of the stations a few Indians or half-breeds may be seen, but the first place at which I observed the red man, with painted face and feathers, brass ear-rings and necklace, and other savage finery, was at Maple Creek station, near Medicine Hat. He is not a very heroic figure, and the squaws look still worse. They were wrapped in dirty blankets, carrying their papooses

tucked in at their backs. They had large, course mouths, and their heads were covered only with their straight, black hair. They were selling buffalo horns, from which the rough outer surface had been chipped or filed off,—the hard black core being polished by the hand to a lustrous smoothness. They exhibit only one pair at a time, and when that was sold they will jerk another pair, a little better, from under their blankets. The type of Indian that one sees hanging around the railway station is a very inferior class. He has acquired more of the white man's vices than of his virtues. At our Mission Stations, Morley, Edmonton, White Fish Lake, and places still more remote from the railway, the power of the Gospel has exhibited some of its most striking triumphs.

SQUAW, WITH PAPOOSE.

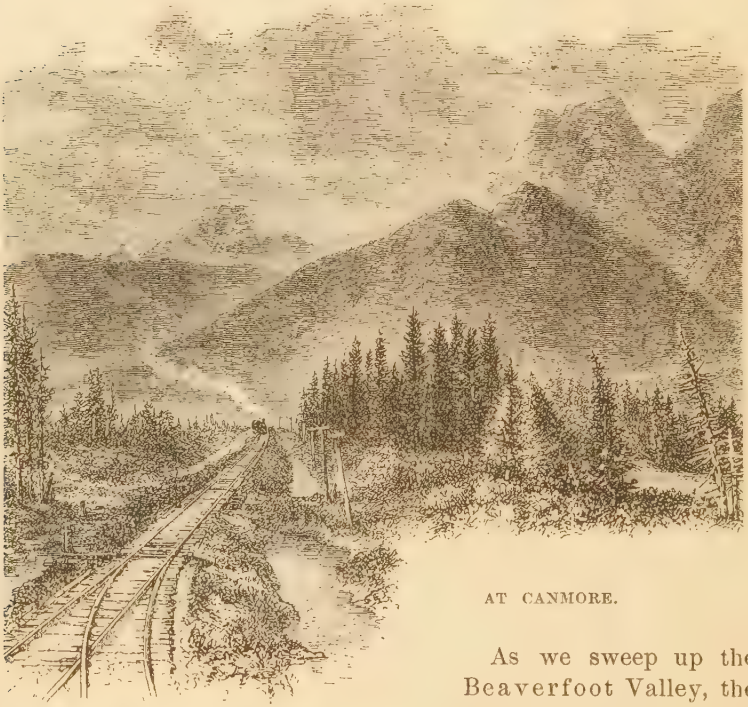
One of the grandest rides in the world is that from Calgary to the Coast. One traverses four gigantic ranges of mountains, the Rockies, Selkirks, Cascades and Gold Range, with their intervening valleys. Words are powerless to describe the magnificence of the scenery. Not in either Alps or Appenines have I seen mountains of such majestic grandeur as Mount Stephen, the Hermits, or Mount Sir Donald. The railway comes much nearer to them than it does to the Alps, and in places, as at Mount Stephen and the Hermits, the castled crags seem almost to impend above our heads.

At Canmore the foot-hills of the Rockies are fairly reached, and the repose of the plain gives rise to the energy of the mountains. As the slow dawn climes the skies the mountains' cheeks blush with the sun's first kiss, and the radiant dawn creeps slowly down the long slopes, and the mists of darkness flee away.

Banff we pass in the early morning, but not too early to catch a glimpse of its majestic surroundings and magnificent hotel. As we descend the wild canyon of the Kicking Horse Pass, the scenery becomes sublime. The railway clings to the mountain side to the left, and the valley to the right rapidly deepens till the river is seen as a gleaming thread a thousand feet below. The

scene strikingly reminded me of the wild gorge of the Tete Noire Pass in Switzerland.

Mount Stephen is the highest peak in the range, eight thousand feet above the valley, and dominates for many a mile over all the Titan brotherhood. On its mighty slope is seen, high overhead, a shining green glacier, eight hundred feet in thickness, which is slowly pressing forward and over a vertical cliff of great height. When its highly-coloured dome and spires are illuminated by the sun it seems to rise as a flame shooting into the sky.



AT CANMORE.

As we sweep up the Beaverfoot Valley, the vast wall of the Beaverfoot Mountains, with their serrated peaks, seems in the clear atmosphere only a short walk from the track, yet I was told it was fourteen miles away. The canyon rapidly deepens until, beyond Palliser, the mountain sides becomes vertical, rising straight up thousands of feet, and within an easy stone's-throw from wall to wall. Down this vast chasm go the railway and the river together, the former crossing from side to side to ledges cut out of the solid rock, and twisting and turning in every direction. "The supremely beautiful mountains beyond are the Selkirks, rising from their forest-clad bases and lifting their ice-crowned

heads far into the sky. They are matchless in form, and when bathed in the light of the afternoon sun, their radiant warmth and glory of colour suggest Asgard, the celestial city of Scandinavian story."

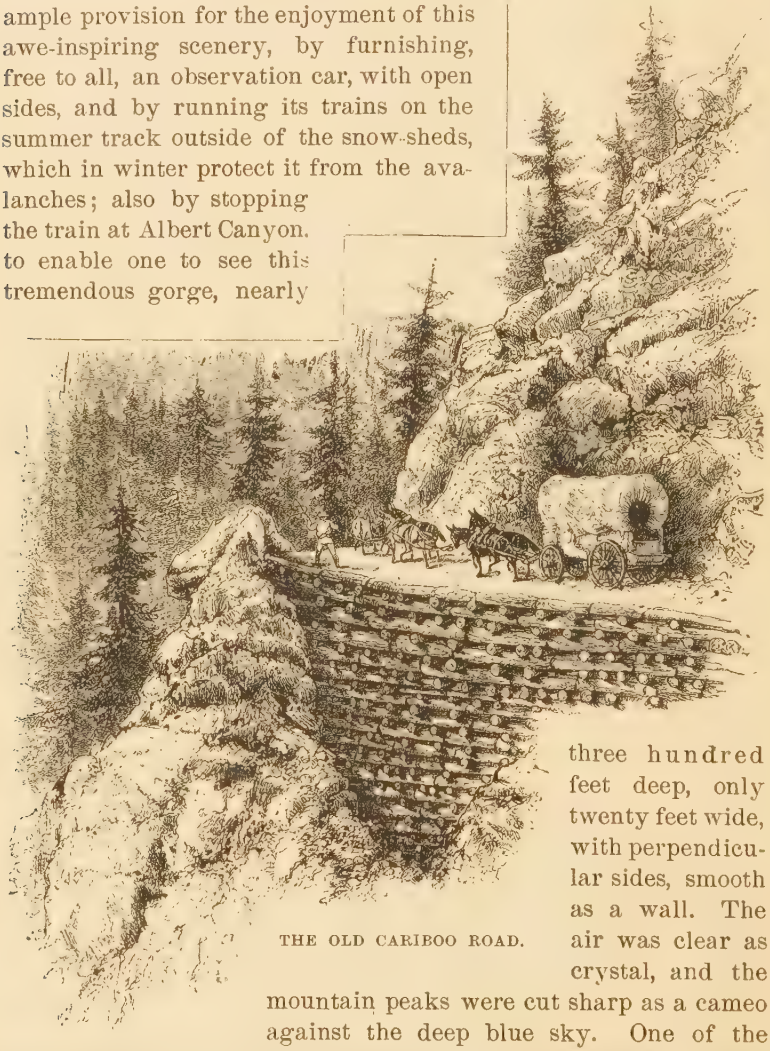
The grandeur culminates, however, at the Hermits, and Mounts Macdonald and Sir Donald. The first of these rises in bare and splintered pinnacles, like the famous "Needles" of Chamounix, so steep that not even the snow can find lodgment on their almost perpendicular slopes. Mount Macdonald seems almost to impend above the track, although a deep ravine separates it from the railway. It towers a mile and a quarter above the roadway in almost vertical height, its numberless pinnacles piercing the zenith. I was obliged to stand on the lowest step of the car to prevent the roof from obstructing the view of the mountain-top. Nowhere in Switzerland have I seen such a tremendous, awe-inspiring high cliff. Roger's Pass lies between two lines of huge snow-clad peaks. That on the north forms a prodigious amphitheatre, under whose parapet, seven or eight thousand feet above the valley, half a dozen glaciers may be seen at once, and so near that their shining green fissures are distinctly visible.

HALF-BREED AND "HUSKIE" DOG.

Glacier Station is a wild and beautiful spot, where the railway has built an elegant hotel. On my first visit the hotel was not opened, but I had the good fortune to meet a fellow-townsman, the well-known artist, Mr. Forbes, of Toronto, who, with Mr. O'Brien and others of the artist brotherhood, had been painting all summer among the mountains. He hospitably placed a tent at my disposal, and not soon shall I forget the glorious camp-fire around which we gathered at night beneath the shadows of the surrounding mountains.

Just beyond Glacier Station is one of the most remarkable engineering feats on the line—a great loop which the road makes, returning within a stone's throw of the place of departure, but at a much lower level.

The Canadian Pacific Railway makes ample provision for the enjoyment of this awe-inspiring scenery, by furnishing, free to all, an observation car, with open sides, and by running its trains on the summer track outside of the snow-sheds, which in winter protect it from the avalanches; also by stopping the train at Albert Canyon, to enable one to see this tremendous gorge, nearly three hundred feet deep, only twenty feet wide, with perpendicular sides, smooth as a wall. The air was clear as crystal, and the mountain peaks were cut sharp as a cameo against the deep blue sky. One of the finest views on the road is where, in the long twilight—I could read till ten o'clock at night—the road, after crossing the elevated bridge, comes out six hundred feet above the Shuswap Lake, which lies like a map beneath the eye.



THE OLD CARIBOO ROAD.

Leaving this lovely scene, we pass next out through two of

the most stern and savage canyons in the world—those of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. The seeming desolation of the Thompson Canyon was almost appalling. At Lytton, the canyon suddenly widens to admit the Fraser, which comes down from the north between two great lines of mountain peaks. Here the difficulties of construction are greater, the rock-cutting more tremendous, and the scenery more awe-inspiring than any other

ON THE LOWER FRASER.

place. It makes one's flesh creep to look down on the swirling current of the rapid Fraser, from the train which creeps along a ledge cut in the mountain-side, in some places by workmen let down by ropes from above. On the opposite side of this deep, narrow canyon is the old Cariboo Road, climbing the cliff in places, two thousand feet above the river. It is in some parts built out from the wall of the rock by wooden crib-work, fastened, one knows not how, to the almost perpendicular precipice.

The principal canyon of the Fraser extends twenty-three miles

above Yale. The scenery has been well described as "ferocious." The great river is forced between vertical walls of black rocks where, repeatedly thrown back upon itself by opposing cliffs, or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it madly foams and roars. The railway is cut into the cliffs two hundred feet above, and the jutting spurs of rocks are pierced by tunnels in close succession.

At Yale—a straggling wooden town of considerable importance in the old mining days—the head of navigation on the Fraser, the scenery is grand. I have seen few things that will compare with the grandeur of the mountain back-ground of the little town, and with the gloom of the deep canyon of the Fraser, deepening into purple shades in the distance.

"At the crossing of the Stave River the finest view of Mount Baker is had, looking back and up the Fraser, which has now become a smooth, but mighty river. Immense trees are now frequent, and their size is indicated by the enormous stumps near the railway." The lower reaches of the Fraser abound in fertile valleys, enriched by the alluvium brought down for ages by the river.

The great roads of the Romans sink into insignificance compared with the engineering feat of constructing an iron way over the mountains and through the canyons, where a train with its hundreds of passengers (our train had twelve coaches) can be drawn within a week from ocean to ocean. No country in the world possesses such a long continuous road under one management, and no other road presents such a variety of magnificent scenery.

The splendid young city of Vancouver, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, and its stately streets and buildings, is one of the greatest surprises of the Pacific Coast. When I first saw it, five years ago, it was just rising from the ashes of its great fire. Now it gives promise of being the San Francisco of the Northern Pacific. The electric street railway, the beautiful churches (our own among the handsomest), the splendid banks, stores and hotels would do credit to a city thrice its size and age. Its noble Stanley Park has twelve miles of drive through the primeval forest, some of whose gigantic pines tower over two hundred feet in the air, and are nearly fifty feet in girth. One is struck with the effects of the mild and humid climate; even the grass seemed greener than in the east, the pansies are much larger, and roses of splendid luxuriance grow in almost every garden. As the golden gate to the Pacific, through which shall pass the riches of the Orient, this young city gives promise of almost incalculable development.

THE REV. DR. HART'S MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN WESTERN CHINA.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

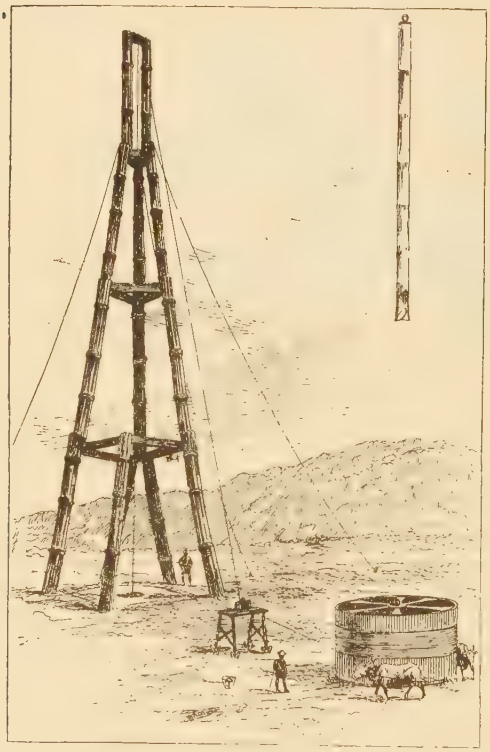
II.

STREET IN A CHINESE VILLAGE.

SOME twelve hundred miles from the sea the city of Chung-king graces the banks of the Yang-tse. Our travellers had reached this point. The ubiquitous Chinese "boy" was there. "It is amazing what efforts that boy will make to have a good look at a foreigner. The sharp-eyed youngsters took up their positions near our windows, first peering through the cracks, then slyly opening them an inch or two, and finally, when unobserved, throwing them wide open." Officialdom here, as all over China, luxuriates. Edicts and proclamations are issued and posted up on the most trivial occasions. A small matter connected with the coming of the strangers resulted in an official visit of the district magistrate.

"A servant threw open the door and the portly form of Sweet Spring was seen. Two secretaries, half a dozen menials and our landlord with his tasselled hat and several servants brought up the rear. I made my most gracious bow to the great man. He twisted himself into all shapes admissible under the circumstances, and after some skillful manœuvering was comfortably seated. A moment to regain his breath and a few flutters of the fan were followed by some questions: 'Your honourable surname?' 'Your lofty age?' 'Your honoured country?' A proclamation

from a higher official having been handed him to read, he searched through his large satin boots, and finally drew forth his ancient goggles, and, after an extra puff at the pipe, and a few grunts, arranged them above his nose. It is not certain that he read more than the first line and examined the seal, for almost instantly he reached for the tea. Business was over, as is always understood when the teacups are lifted. This man, who is expected to look after the interests of 120,000 people in the city, and possibly 400,000 more in the country, is by all odds the most stupid official we have met for many a long day."



BRINE WELLS AND DRILL, SE CHUEN.

Dr. Hart thus describes a typical Chinese mansion of nobility—that of the elder Loh. "The doors are unbolted, and we enter an uncovered passage twelve feet wide, extending the whole length of the front of the house. On the left are the living rooms, school room, etc., while on the right a street wall towers to the height of twenty feet, defending the house from thieves, and from much noise and filth. As we enter the first court, the door-posts tell us that 'These are halls splendid as phœnixes and bright as parrots.' Upon examining the oiled wood panels we find that the artist has done his best to portray the vanity and longings of this family. Rows of carved characters painted green bear such inscriptions as these: 'May we be still higher in respect and gratified with joyful years of abundance.' 'We are leaders of fashion and literary elegance.' 'Titles and emoluments of office are all within reach.' We look above the great doors opening to the

'fountain of heaven' and espy a tablet twelve feet by six, the ground-work of blue, with square bits of gold-foil splashed on irregularly. The end inscription says Mrs. Loh has been created a lady of the first rank—Manchurian Crane—by order of the Emperor. The tablet itself was a birthday gift from her admiring neighbours. A secret is told by the side-scrolls: 'Your taxes from goods and rentals of lands ought to be equal to your government salary in Nan'—that is Yun-nan, the province he served. 'Now in your new and airy abode be careful and know that there is much distress in the market-place'—a broad hint that a generous hand to the poor would be appreciated.

"Entering the guest-hall, you are treated to tropes and hyperbole in a lordly fashion. 'His was a golden pen streaming as the light of the sun.' 'He was a great bell like that of a fire-dragon, tiger-belfry.' There are many side rooms opening into the guest-hall and the interior court, but all are without floors or windows, except in front and are consequently cheerless, cold and dark in winter, and damp and mouldy in summer. On the south side of the court, above the tall and gaudily-painted door, is a narrow board covered with bright frescoes. It is a vivid representation of the god of longevity, seated upon a white crane, skimming over the ocean. Above the great guest-hall is another painting, which at first sight would appear to portray different fruits, flowers and insects merely to please the artistic taste. Not so; every flower, fruit, insect, bird and animal has a symbolic meaning. There are the great white cranes, holding in their beaks branches to which are clinging ripe peaches—a symbol of eternal existence; the deer with a bell is a symbol of high office; the pomegranate with its pink and rosy seeds is a symbol of a large and happy family; the Buddha's hand (a sort of lemon) and the lotus are symbols of long life and happiness; water-chestnuts indicate conjugal felicity, and the swallow is the harbinger of good luck.

"Over the cook's door I notice four characters with a pleasant enough meaning, but not what I fancy a foreign lady would allow to occupy so conspicuous a place, 'Just as you please here.' He may mean that he can furnish dishes to suit all tastes, or that the cook has liberty to do as he likes."

The next stage of the journey (having left the river) was to Chen-too, a city far to the westward, in the Province of Se Chuen, which is to be the scene of our new mission. "At last our sedan chairs were in fine trim, the finishing touches being long blue cotton awnings stretched fore and aft and tied to bamboo sticks. The magistrate sent an escort of four men—a poor enough looking body-guard, about as hard a lot as could be picked up. They

saluted us upon bended knees; but they were a saucy lot. I have seen them mow a swath through the surging humanity on a market-day, occasionally punching some unfortunate ones in the

A STREET IN SHANGHAI.

ribs with the sharp end of the poles. I counted five who were thus punched and almost tumbled head foremost into the baskets of grain, and not one had sufficient spirit to resent the outrage. The more I called out and expostulated with the scamps the faster

they went, and the more reckless their bearing towards anyone in their way. They seemed to take demoniacal delight in swaying right and left, and gouging some lout who was bent over testing the qualities of the new rice or wheat.

"We ride through groves of pine and past fruit orchards; through endless fields of millet and rice surrounded with hedges of beans in full bloom. Vegetation is luxuriant, of almost tropical growth. Massive stone arches span the road at prominent points, dedicated by filial sons to their mothers, who have lived many years of virtuous widowhood, and died beloved and honoured by the family. The panels and parts on which there are flowers and figures carved in relief, are of marble, delicately fitted and highly polished."

Our travellers had some rare experiences in the Chinese hotels of these western regions. "It is bad enough to have the front of a room border upon the drains and the coolies' restaurant, while the sides open into opium dens filled with naked smokers; but to have a huge pig-sty on the back, and be separated from a score of pigs merely by a gaping board partition of half an inch thick, and then have one's bed close against said partition, is enough to make a strong-minded man quail at the nocturnal prospect. Even the 'best rooms' in the 'first-class' hotel are often none the worse for a little 'cleansing.' In one of these the proprietor was sent for in haste. He came, bowed and placed himself in an attitude to receive our commands. You may imagine his consternation when requested to bring a load of *mud* and plaster up the star-shaped holes all around the palatial reception-hall, and a load of *lime* to sprinkle over the floors and central courtyard. He received the commands as coolly as would a porter to strap a trunk. He hastened out upon the new commission as though an everyday affair, and not the unique occurrence of a lifetime. A young man came and filled up the holes; the lime was brought and we made it the serious business of an hour to see every inch of the court sprinkled. The mud floor of the guest-hall was so damp that it readily absorbed several siftings. As a last resort mats were secured for the worst spots that remained—mats new and old, inhabited with colonies of living and dead fleas and unmentionable vermin, and feeling somewhat uncertain about their unsanitary condition, we saturated them with the lime."

Regarding the women of this part of China, Dr. Hart says: "I judge there is more independence on the part of the women, and a better division of labour. Very few women are seen in the fields, but many upon the highways with children tramping to and from fairs at the market towns. I was greatly pleased to see

them dressed in bright colours, heads neatly adorned, and with more grace of carriage than is usually seen in Chinese women. The Chinese flora is wealthy, but the women seldom cultivate a taste for flowers. Their door-yards are untidy and their apartments are cheerless as prisons."

On his way to Ching-too Dr. Hart made a detour southward to visit the great salt-wells and fire-wells of Se Chuen. "It may seem incredible that seventeen hundred years ago the Chinese of Se Chuen possessed sufficient mechanical skill and enterprise to bore through the solid rock to the depth of from two to five thousand feet. These wells, but six inches in diameter, worked piecemeal through rocks to such depths and by comparatively clumsy

ROAD TO VICE-CONSUL'S HOUSE, CANTON.

appliances, present a stronger argument to my own mind in favour of the latent power of this race than do their walls and canals. I was told by a number of intelligent aged men that the wells varied from a few scores of feet to five thousand nine hundred English feet. To convince myself of the accuracy of their statements, I visited a medium-sized well within the town. Mr. Wang, the proprietor, is a very intelligent and wealthy gentleman, and has charge of forty such wells. The bamboo tube was in process of lifting as we entered. After a few minutes it came to view, and the contents, consisting of a strong gaseous fluid, were discharged into a receptacle and carried by an aqueduct to the great vat. The water-buffaloes, three in number, were now unhitched and the tube replaced. We stood at the wheel

—one about twenty-two feet in diameter. Very slowly at first it unwound the rope, but after a few seconds the celerity was so great that we had to stand at some distance and hold our hats on. In about twenty minutes all the rope had been paid out—fifty-one complete turns of say sixty feet each—3,366 feet. The iron pans used for evaporating are about six feet in diameter, weigh a thousand pounds each, and cost forty dollars. The salt is sold at wholesale for one cent and a quarter per pound. There are thousands of these brine wells. I was taken through one factory where there were quite one hundred pans. The government tax on what was sold to merchants amounts per annum to near $686,500. The total product must be near 190,000 tons, which at $26 per ton would realize $4,940,000.

"I asked the owner of one of these large establishments how long he had been in the salt business. He laughed heartily and said with dignity: 'Ever since the first Emperor of the Min dynasty—for twenty generations, sir.' I could scarcely repress a feeling of admiration for the aged aristocrat, as he stroked his long gray beard, and showed in his face evident signs of family pride and self-complacency over the remarkable success which had crowned their efforts." The "fire-wells," which are only few compared with the brine-wells, are about of the same depth. The gas which they emit is utilized for lighting purposes in the salt factories, and for heat under the evaporating pans.

Ching-too, a city visited and described six centuries ago by Marco Polo, has a population of over 300,000. "There are few broad streets, the widest being not more than eighteen feet. A few of these are well paved with blocks of sandstone. The houses are of wood with but one storey. The shops are narrow and not very deep, but many of them are lacquered and gilded with considerable artistic taste. I saw more dwarfs here in two days than I have seen elsewhere within two years. The city exports very little. My next-door neighbour, an official from Hanchow, pointedly said there are but two articles of export—slave-girls and satin coverlets. You can buy a good girl for three dollars, and a beautiful brocaded quilt for eight. The markets bear witness of the wonderful fertility of the plain. Cabbages, radishes, turnips, bamboo sprouts, garlic, onions, spinach, sweet potatoes; and of fruits, apples, peaches, plums, oranges, pears, grapes, lemons, all clean and tastefully arranged. Instead of stalls and baskets filled with dead fish, and tubs of wriggling eels, as seen in most Chinese cities, we have long, clean, sandstone troughs by the sides of the streets, filled with pure fresh water and green tussel-weed in the bottom. The fish, mostly of small size, are all alive and swimming about as in crystal fountains."

Pursuing his researches through this ancient city, the Doctor himself continued to be the object of the greatest curiosity. "A theatre was in full blast at the outer gate of the Tsing Yang temple as we approached. Our presence was more attractive than the contortions and screeches of red and yellow robed men and boys. The leaping and dancing harlequins, with all their pheasant feathers and horse-tail whiskers, long boots and flowing sleeves, spears and swinging fans, could not hold the attention after we came upon the scene.

"It is not often that the traveller can visit in the same hour the grave of an Emperor of the third century and the birthplace

FOOCHOW.

of a philosopher and founder of a religion of the time of Pythagoras." Ching-too afforded the Doctor the power of doing both, namely, Tiupei, the warrior emperor of Shu-Han, and Lao-tsz, the founder of the Taoist philosophy, born B.C. 604, or fifty-four years earlier than Confucius.

"Have I at last," soliloquizes our traveller, "seen the place of his birth, and that in which he taught, and probably the richest and most beautiful Taoist structure in the world? Is it possible that one who has pored over his immortal work, the 'Tao-teh-King,' and dug like a miner for nuggets of gold among the fresh, pure thoughts of antiquity, should now turn aside, not to weep nor recall some appropriate thought-gem to lay afresh upon his

neglected altar, but to seek a refuge from the yells of half-dressed boys and the nuts with which they pelt me at every turn?"

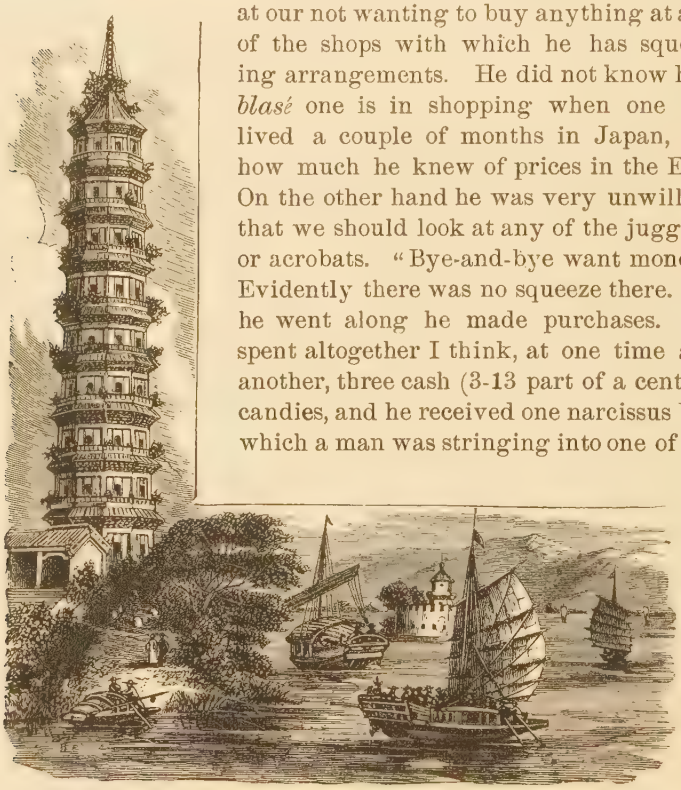
In addition to Mr. Seymour's excellent condensation of Dr. Hart's narrative, we need only add a few words relative to the engravings in this number. We give excellent illustrations of Chinese streets, both in a remote village and in the city of Shanghai. The accompanying graphic description of a visit to this great city throws a great deal of light on Chinese methods of life.

"We drove to the Chinamen town, as the coolies called it, passing on the way an evidence of Chinese cheap labour in a heavy road-roller drawn by at least a hundred coolies. To reach the Chinese city one has to pass the French concession. Like all other Chinese cities, it is walled, and we had to pass through the gate-house with its row of pole-axes outside. We were beset by a guide, who at first asked twenty-five cents a head, but finally came down to thirty cents for the whole party, to be increased to forty cents if we were pleased. The French soldier outside said that he was a reliable man. The moment we were inside the city we felt that we had done wisely in securing him, for, in addition to being full of the most villainous looking people, it is a labyrinth in which the stranger couldn't have found his own way. The streets are so narrow and the houses so overhanging that, except in the open spaces, one can hardly see the sky, and one street looks exactly like another, and no one can understand a word you say. The Grand Bazaar at Constantinople is nothing to a Chinese city; it is not so oriental, so unsanitary, so unsafe, so vast, so seething with life. During our whole two months in Japan we had not seen so much of the East as in two hours of the China town at Shanghai. There is something rather alarming about a Chinese city; the ill-conditioned, scowling, innumerable people. The awful intricacy and shut-in-ness of the streets contribute to this. If one were set on, escapement by one's own effort would be impossible. He who has only seen the sleek, orderly Chinaman of Anglo-Saxon communities has no conception of the dangerous look of the mandarin-squeezed Chinaman at home. Perhaps a few weeks' residence in China might convert me to a trade-unionist on the Chinese question.

"The Chinatown streets are mere passages, with their sky still further curtained by the overhanging upper stories and the innumerable sign-boards, mostly black, seven feet long, and with huge gilt characters on them, hanging down like the squashed salmon in a Japanese fish shop. All their sign-boards are written and hung vertically. Chinese shops are larger than Japanese,

many of them as lofty as Broadway stores, and they have no raised floors or dainty matting, because, unlike the Japanese, they do not take off their shoes. Ivory shops and fur shops and silk shops abound, and there is a general evidence of wealth in the shops, in fearful contrast to the squalor and disease without among the people who deal in cash, for a cash in China is a a very small coin, worth about the thirteenth part of a cent.

"Our guide was very much astonished at our not wanting to buy anything at any of the shops with which he has squeezing arrangements. He did not know how *blasé* one is in shopping when one has lived a couple of months in Japan, nor how much he knew of prices in the East. On the other hand he was very unwilling that we should look at any of the jugglers or acrobats. "Bye-and-bye want money." Evidently there was no squeeze there. As he went along he made purchases. He spent altogether I think, at one time and another, three cash (3-13 part of a cent) in candies, and he received one narcissus bud which a man was stringing into one of the



THE PORCELAIN TOWER.

flower tiaras which we saw the Chinese women wearing. This narcissus bud afforded our guide, who was ragged and filthy, intense pleasure. He sniffed it between his finger and thumb in a correct snuff attitude all the afternoon. I think he was astonished at us. We would not even buy gold-fish. Gold, silver, black and blue, you could get them with anything up to six taels apiece, from ten cents to ten dollars a pair, according to size. They were sold in odd glass bowls. He took us into a sort of piazza, where

they were being raised in huge earthenware baths, which he assured us had their water changed every day, though they looked like cesspools."

Still another cut shows a fine example of Chinese tree culture and landscape gardening. It is the fine avenue leading up to the vice-consul's house at Canton, a striking contrast to the crowded street and teeming population of the great city.

Foochow has been an interesting mission centre—Foochow, one of the ports open to foreign commerce; Foochow, with its five-mile wall; Foochow, with its queer watch towers, its pagodas, its busy streets, its shipping, its tea and opium trade. At "Pagoda Anchorage" the heavy vessels drop their anchors. An old pagoda, about eighty feet high, here throws down a shadow now several centuries old. At Foochow French cannon in 1884 opened their iron mouths and preached anything but a Gospel of love. How long shall so-called Christian nations hinder Christian missions by their greed and guns? When will nations bring their quarrels into some great international court of arbitration and there settle them?

Almost as many pagodas may be seen in some parts of China as there are churches in the populous parts of Canada. One of the most famous of these was the Porcelain Tower at Nanking. This celebrated tower was first built about 2,800 years ago. It was rebuilt in the fourth century of our era, and, having again been destroyed, was again rebuilt in the early part of the fifteenth century. It was finally destroyed in 1853. Bishop Wiley, in his work on "China and Japan," thus describes it: "Its form was octagonal, divided into nine equal stories, the circumference of the lower one being 120 feet, and decreasing gradually to the top. Its base rested upon a solid foundation of brick-work ten feet high, up which a flight of twelve steps led into the tower, whence a spiral staircase of 190 steps carried the visitor to the summit, 261 feet from the ground. The outer surface was covered with tiles of glazed porcelain of various colours, principally green, red, yellow and white. The body of the edifice was of brick. At every storey there was a projecting roof covered with green tiles, and a ball suspended from each corner. The interior divisions were filled with a great number of little gilded images, placed in niches." At each angle of the roofs was a bell, making seventy-two in all. Besides these, there were seventy-two bells suspended on eight chains about the spire. Thus one hundred bells sent forth their music at the touch of the breeze. The cost of the beautiful edifice is said to have been between thirty-five and forty millions of dollars.

THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. DR. STAFFORD.

THE REV. DR. STAFFORD was a noteworthy personality. His tall, thin figure and face marked with the lines of thought would anywhere attract attention; nor did the interest thus awakened grow less on a closer acquaintance. There was in him a freshness and originality of thought that deepened the first impression. Dr. Stafford was a man of the present time. He did not look so much to the past as to the future. He shared the *zeitgeist*—the spirit of the age—as fully as any man we know.

The great religious, social, and economic questions of the times throbbed in his heart and brain. He felt a keen sympathy with the toiling masses. He often spoke of the dislocated relations of

society, and hoped and laboured for its re-organization on the basis of the golden rule. He believed that much of the sin and suffering and sorrow, on which the pitying eye of God looks down, was largely the result of physical environment. While strongly holding that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul," he believed, also, that the mission of Christianity was to help the bodies as well as to save the souls of men. "Why should I have opportunities for culture and study," he would ask, "when to many life is a perpetual struggle for existence?" He thought that many of the moral evils of the world would disappear, to use his own words, "if every man had eight hundred dollars a year on which to maintain his family,"—not an extravagant amount, but more than twice as much as the average labouring man receives.

He was strong in his convictions and intense in their expression. He indulged in hyperbole and sometimes in seemingly paradoxical statements. Hence he was often misunderstood and had to qualify his statements and explain his meaning. But the common people heard him gladly, and the intellectual and cultured classes were aroused and quickened by his stimulating thoughts. There was not much danger of going to sleep under his preaching.

There was in him a vein of poetic genius, which was manifested in pithy aphorisms and in an occasional allegory, which conveyed its pregnant lessons better than any didactic discourse. We recall one such, an account of what he overheard the great stone head on the bank of Montreal, Toronto, say one night, as he came off a late train and passed through the deserted streets. Its muttered soliloquy on the varied aspects of life upon which it looked down —upon the busy bankers and brokers who thronged the building, and the newsboys and apple women who shivered on its pitiless stone steps, was worthy of Hawthorne.

Those who only knew the outer man were apt to think him cold, constrained and immobile, but those who knew him best knew how strong and tried and true was his friendship, of what sacrifices he was capable, how grand and noble were his aims and acts.

The effect produced by Dr. Stafford's addresses was very marked. This was not the result of the arts of eloquence or grace of gesture; he possessed neither the one nor the other. It was the force of a strong, clear intellect, fired by intense moral conviction. An example of this was his speech during the famous debate on the subject of Methodist Union in the Montreal Conference during its session at Ottawa. His cogent argument, his moral intensity, his convincing speech, did almost more than the efforts of any other man to secure the turning of that pivotal Conference on the side

of union. As we congratulated him on his noble effort and his splendid success, he replied, "I put on every ounce of steam I had." It was characteristic of the man. With all his *sang froid* and apparent ease, whatever he did he did with his might. He gave his very best, not his second best.

We might not agree with everything he said, but he certainly had the faculty of awaking interest and compelling attention. His fresh, unhackneyed and original way of putting things sometimes startled persons accustomed only to the ordinary staid and somewhat conventional pulpit manner. He was one of those preachers who wear well. He held his congregations after years of familiarity. We knew an intelligent hearer who week after week travelled a hundred miles and back to keep up the continuity of a course of sermons on a doctrinal subject. His fresh, pithy and pointed way of stating the primary truths of the Bible often produced conviction in minds impervious or indifferent to ordinary modes of statement.

Dr. Stafford touched highwater mark in some important juncture, when some great effort was expected. He rose to the occasion. An instance of this was his noble representation of Canadian Methodism at the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York. He was called upon to address the immense audience in the Grand Opera House, late in the evening. He was preceded by the fervent eloquence of a Southern orator. Dr. Stafford's cool, dry manner was an utter contrast to the *per fervidum ingenium* of the sunny South. But soon came flashes of genius, like lambent lightning on a summer eve. The sustained strength of intellect, the elevation of thought and the moral sublimity of that address will never be forgotten by those who heard it. The impressive close was as follows:

"In the past years we have felt your sadness our own as standing in the shadow cast on universal Methodism by the procession of mighty men who, clothed in the most royal ascension robes, have gone up from that chair to their throne in glory. They are to memory as Enochs and Elijahs, for did they not walk with God? Did not their fearless thunder cause the Ahabs of wickedness to tremble? Was there not wider standing room for truth and righteousness where they shuffled their feet? We catch the inspiration of their luminous example. Our eyes follow them down the fast narrowing path where great forms look small in the distance. In this grand and awful game of life all too soon the men disappear from the board. The pawns are lost. The knights and rooks are taken. The bishops go, and the queen is seen here no more. An unseen hand sweeps down upon the board and the game is done! The day flees out over the sea, and the night leaps down from the sky. Yonder the shining gates open wide, and as you, bearing your trophies over your head, rush up on the one side, we shall crowd in from the other. We extend our right hands to you, and our hearts are with you for a grand triumphal meeting there!"

Dr. Stafford's religious life was not an emotional one, as his nature was not emotional, yet it was a pre-eminently experimental one. His hearers will recall his frequent references to his personal experiences, to his life lessons, his boyhood's convictions and manhood's struggles. He talked without art, but got a grip on the conscience by these glimpses into his own heart.

Though his last days were days of intense suffering, amounting at times to an agony of pain, yet his devoted wife declared that not a murmur nor word of complaint passed his patient lips. The day he died he sang with deep feeling that sweet song of the dying, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." "Oh," he said, "I have such delightful experiences; if you could only see the vision which I see, and know the rapture that I feel." He tried to send a message to his church, and wrote, "My beloved people;" then followed undecipherable words, and the pencil fell forever from his nerveless grasp.

Ezra A. Stafford had a nobleness of character that scorned everything mean or sordid or unworthy of a man. However much one differed from him in public debate or in private opinion, it yet caused not the shadow of a shade of difference in personal friendship. He was largely tolerant in his views, and intellectually, if not emotionally, sympathetic with all classes and conditions of men. Like Nathaniel, he was an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.

The funeral service, in the Centenary Church at Hamilton, was an occasion of deep and tender interest. Many were the loving tributes paid to his memory.

The Rev. Dr. D. G. Sutherland gave a beautiful sketch of the life of the deceased, tracing the development of his character as a Christian minister, and the growing manifestations of his favour with God and with men. He said:

Dr. Stafford was a close and diligent student; he had a keen and enquiring mind; he thought for himself; he bowed to no idol; he hated shams and ruts. He was the delight of students, and by the quaintness of his illustrations held the attention of all. If at times he seemed lacking in reverence, it was because he sought to tear the outer husk away and get at the very soul of truth. He had a large, kind heart, and generous views of Christian liberty. He longed for the union of Christian bodies. He wanted to have for others the same love which brought the Saviour from on high to die for him. During months of physical decline his strong willpower sustained his frail body. He bore manfully and patiently the sufferings of his final illness. On the day of his death, as he sang the sweet hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," he said, "I never realized the preciousness of those words so much before;" and as he joined in singing "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," he added, "What a reality it is to me."

His old companion and friend from boyhood, the Rev. Dr. Johnston, spoke with deep emotion, as follows:

I am scarcely able to give expression to my thoughts and emotions on this occasion. Seldom has my whole being been so shaken by any death. It comes closely home to me. I cannot realize that Ezra A. Stafford is no more. We were born within two miles of each other and within two years of each other. We grew up side by side. We entered the ministry about the same time. We laboured for years side by side on the old Chatham district. At the Hamilton Conference, when I was pastor of this church, he was my guest. In Montreal we toiled side by side, and in Toronto, and now my comrade has fallen. I visited him a few days ago, but he was so bright, so hopeful, and so cheerful that I thought a little rest would restore him. But suddenly came the last Messenger, and palsied his eloquent tongue—that bright light of the Church has gone out. The closing scene was such a brief one. A few weeks of weariness and pain, a short illness, great suffering, a glimpse of the glory-land, and then the head dropped; there was the sob of the widow, the cry of a child, and Ezra A. Stafford "was not, for God took him."

An eventful life is here closed, a warm heart has ceased to beat, a weary and overtaxed brain is at rest. The event came when he was at the summit of his power, popularity and influence. But God saw that his work was ended, and said to his weary child, "come home." His life was a comparatively short one, but measured by the work he accomplished, the impression which he made upon his generation, the influence left to act upon the Church and upon the land, his life was a long one. Dr. Stafford was no ordinary man. He was a noble personality and his name is embalmed in the hearts of the people in a deep and enduring affection. The whole Church laments his loss with grievous lamentation. Three great cities unite to pay homage to his memory! Three great cities tuned to one chord of grief, and moved by one sentiment of sorrow and sympathy! Three great cities uniting to pay tribute to my old school-mate, the farmer's boy, born on the back street of the township of Southwold.

Why is this beautiful edifice so heavily draped? Why these floral offerings? Why this great gathering of representatives from all the Churches? Why do tears rain down our faces like rain from heaven. "Behold, how they loved him." You have known him only for six short months, but he made such full proof of his ministry, and so won upon you by his elevated character, true manhood and splendid gifts, that you realize that his loss is a public one. And if your sorrow is so genuine and so deep, what of the friends on his earlier circuits? What of those in the Dominion Square Church, Montreal, where he laboured for six years; the Dominion Church, Ottawa, and Grace Church, Winnipeg, the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and the Sherbourne Street Church, where he was so well known, so greatly honoured and so deeply loved? Why it is as if there was "one dead in every household."

There lies shrined in that coffin all that remains of a pure, noble, plain, dignified, devoted man of God, a foremost standard-bearer of the Church carried away in the maturity and plenitude of his powers, and in the full tide of his usefulness. We lay him away, not in any Westminster Abbey, but in a mausoleum built up of loving hearts, and his history will be shrined

in fragrance with the names of a Case and a Ryerson, a Rose and a Wood, a Rice and a Williams, a Nelles and a Samuel J. Hunter.

This is not the time to refer at length to his many transcendent elements of character, his rare gifts, his wealth of thought, his natural expressive manner, and his marvellous command of simple, forcible and eloquent speech. As a thinker and a preacher he was the peer of any in the land. Nor need we speak of his Christian experience, his humble faith and Christ-like walk, his abhorrence of all sham and insincerity, his love of all that was true and manly and noble and pure. The beauty of his tender, trustful nature shone out in his last illness, and it won upon the hearts of all who ministered to him. His death was as the throwing open of the gates of the city of gold.

This Church is greatly bereaved. It seems but as yesterday since we gathered around the bier of a former pastor, Dr. S. J. Hunter. But what an honour has been conferred upon the Centenary Church! You have, as it were, "anointed for his burial" the body of this greatly honoured, greatly beloved servant of the whole Church. Where could he have found more loving hands to carry him to his last resting-place? The last time I saw him he said to me, "Oh, the kindness of this people, Johnston, I never saw anything like it." Brethren and sisters of the Centenary Church, you have earned the gratitude and affection of all who revere the name of Ezra A. Stafford. Dear brethren in the ministry, what a legacy he has left us! He has fallen without a stain upon his escutcheon! How precious is Christian character, an honourable record and an unsullied name!

But what a loss! What a large space is left vacant by his death! A prince in our Israel has fallen! I feel like crying out, "Alas! my brother." Lord God send down upon us a double portion of Thy Spirit. If our brother could speak to us from the heavens into which he so rapturously ascended, he would say, "Preach for eternity. Preach as never before. Time is short; eternity is near. God is waiting to be gracious." Oh, may he with those sealed lips preach to-day such a sermon as he has never preached in this church, and may the Holy Spirit give depth and permanence to the impressions made upon thousands of hearts. God comfort the smitten widow, who moans and sobs in yonder parsonage! God comfort this little boy, not old enough to realize his loss! God comfort his beloved daughter, who sits weeping in Toronto, and his son away yonder on the Pacific Coast, and God comfort his smitten Church! Of our translated friend we say, "Farewell, dear comrade! honoured in life, peaceful in death, and blessed in eternity."

The Rev. Dr. Alexander Sutherland paid the following tribute to the memory of the deceased:

This is not a time for studied phrases, nor a time to pronounce a eulogy on the departed, but for hearts that knew him and loved him to lay a chaplet on his bier. It was not at first that any man knew Ezra A. Stafford. It took some time to get down into his rich nature, but when you came to know him you knew a man of finest type; a man to be trusted anywhere; a man in whom nothing unbecoming Christian manhood could be found. Underneath his calm and somewhat cold exterior there was a furnace heat of intense conviction and moral earnestness. One could not

but recognize the strong evidence of a profound reverence for things divine. Through his ministration many have been enabled to see with clearer vision and to feel with greater power the eternal verities of the Word of God. In the inner circle of home life he was seen at his best, among those who loved him, and whom he fervently loved. His sun seems to have gone down at noon, but already is it climbing the far radiant skies. . . I fancy the message that he might have written to this congregation had he been able would have been, "Remember the words that I spake unto you while I was yet present with you." Let us be up and doing, ere the shadows gather and the night cometh, when no man can work. We shall meet him in the morning when the shadows flee away.

The Rev. Dr. Potts made a touching address. He said:

I heard a lady say in a street car in Toronto, alluding to Dr. Stafford's death, "It will make so many sad hearts this Christmas time." Rarely in the history of Canada has any death caused a wider sorrow. I know how he won the hearts of the people of this church, and I know that you have not heard him at his best. He was a dying man months ago, and had been sinking under the sickness which at last bore him down. Dr. Stafford was a peculiar individuality. This is not an ordinary sorrow. We as a Church have lost one of the noblest ministers of God. When I learned the result of the *post mortem* examination I was forced to think that God in His infinite mercy had called our brother away before he ceased to be the vigorous man that he was in the ministry.

The Rev. J. V. Smith, in the Metropolitan Church, in alluding to the death of Dr. Stafford, one of its former pastors, paid the following tribute to his memory:

He lived a true, manly, noble life; he died a peaceful, triumphant death. That he was endowed with gifts of the highest order, together with the grace which adorn Christian character, none know better than yourselves. As an original, progressive and independent thinker his equals were few and far between.

To say he was faultless would not only separate him from and lift him above the rest of human kind, but it would be a position which his warmest admirers would decline to take, and which he himself would be the first to disavow. Nevertheless, in public or social life, he was a striking personality, an acknowledged moral power, and I am safe in saying that he can have no successful imitator, for in some things he was simply inimitable. His memory will be long cherished by the congregations among whom he laboured, and to you who enjoyed the privilege of his ministry during his pastorate in this church his name is as ointment poured forth. So far as I know there is no way of gauging the results of a good man's life. None of us can tell what the sum total amounts to, but the life which has just closed among us—in the very noon-tide of its glory—was undoubtedly one of marked usefulness and ever-increasing devotion to the Master whom he loved and served so truly. It couldn't be otherwise, his heart and hope was in the Gospel he preached. He was a bright and shining light, and this city of churches will seldom see his like again. As we lay this small

chaplet of tender and sincere regard upon his new-made grave I know you will join me in saying, what we sometimes sing:

> Servant of God, well done,
> Thy glorious warfare's past,
> The battle's fought, the victory won,
> And thou art crowned at last.

Dr. Stafford wrote, as he spoke, with freshness and vigour. He was more apt to drop into a philosophical vein with his pen than in the pulpit. One of his ablest papers, and one showing the large receptivity of his mind, was upon the indebtedness of religion to free thought, read at a meeting of the American Philosophical Association, and published in the transactions of the Society. A volume of sermons preached in the Metropolitan Church on "The Guiding Hand; or, Some Phases in the Religious Life of the Day," deals directly with the subject of the Higher Christian life, and is an effort "to find an atmosphere both of common sense and perfect purity." The high plane on which he thought and spoke will be evident from the closing paragraph of this admirable book, the most considerable literary product which he left behind him, and through which, being dead, he yet speaketh:

"The great call to the Christian Church to-day is to enter upon a higher spiritual plane. There is need of nobler conceptions of the Christian vocation, of a more perfect consecration to it, and of entering fully into the spiritual meaning and aims of everything in this worldly life. May we not each rise up to the exalted thought, and experience, and living, which bring heaven into this present life, and translate the passing trifles of our flying moments into the conversation of the skies? O that this were the yearning, passionate desire of everyone! O that the language of each might be an earnest prayer for all the power of Christ to be felt in him—all the fulness of the Spirit to dwell in him! Oh, if the hand that was nailed quivering to the cross may but be laid upon my heart, bleeding in sorrow for its sin; if the eye that grew dim looking into the heavens for the Father that came not, may but rest upon me, and single me out amid the multitudes of crowding men and know me; if the lips that in deathly pallor spoke the piercing anguish of the wounded spirit, in the words of fearful lamentation, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" will but speak my name and say of me, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;" and if the blessed Spirit, with fulness of cleansing power, will but abide in me forever, and fill me with His fulness, and enlighten me with His light, then even this poor humanity will love the Father of all—my Father—with a passionate devotion which floods cannot drown, and which shall redeem my soul and flesh from the degrading curse which has swept my family almost to perdition, and at times almost driven the memory of God out of the earth!"

Our departed friend contributed also from time to time several thoughtful papers to this MAGAZINE. One of these, printed just

one year ago, on the contrasted characters of Wesley and Voltaire, will be fresh in the memory of our readers. He wrote also some striking character sketches, each with its obvious moral lesson, as "How Persimmons Won his Dividends," and "My Friend the Tramp." He had also promised others in a similar vein, but was prevented by ill-health.

Dr. Stafford had broad and liberal views on the Church of Christ as a whole, and on the importance and practicability of greater union, organization and effort. These are expressed in an able pamphlet of seventy-two pages on "A United Church," from which we quote the closing paragraph:

"What shall the end be? The divisions of Protestantism have unquestionably rendered valuable service to the cause of truth and righteousness. Mighty convictions were necessary to the fighting of the great battles of civilization. If the convictions which moulded the ages did not embrace the whole truth, they nevertheless kept fast by the line of the truth. But sometimes they ran across other convictions just as certainly along the same line. But it is written in human nature, and in the nature of things, that these conflicting lines should in time flow together. We live in the time when this fact is being realized. The ends to be served by division have been accomplished. God from above and the earth from beneath are calling for a united Church to contend with problems of greater interest to humanity than any which have yet risen above the moral horizon. In comparison with the salvation of the uncounted hundreds of millions who never saw the Bible and never heard the name of Christ, and the proper instruction of ignorance, and the adequate relief of poverty, that is worthy to be raised up, all the theological conflicts of ages are the merest trifles. The race has outgrown them. The Christian Church has risen above them. The brighter day, with a promise of nobler things in its hand, is at the door."

Dr. Stafford had a good deal of the poet in his composition. We do not mean merely in mechanical expression, but in elevation of thought, in epigrammatic force, and the frequent use of imagery and figures of speech of a highly picturesque character. He has left a little volume of poetical "Recreations," from which we make two extracts of beautiful significance, now that he has joined "the choir invisible" above:

"What sacred seer, with holy light inspired,
And rapture burning, as on Horeb fired,
On man shall lay his thrice-anointed hand,
His heart instruct, his wandering feet command.
Through deeps, and voids, and earth's alluring snares,
And Godward raise his thoughts when hope despairs?

"From earth's deep caves no messenger appears;
No cheering voice responds from distant spheres;

The winds that bear away return no prayer,
And darkness guards no refuge for despair ;
The mossy grave no mourner's heart can heal,
Nor stroke of death can living love repeal ;
But lonely sorrow knows of one relief—
The tears of babes, like joys of age, are brief ;
All earthly woes are written in the sea,
Our fears from swift pursuing shadows flee ;
At every sepulchre an angel stands,
And heavenward points his radiant, guiding hands ;
Faith robed in streaming sunlight, answers, 'Wait,'
And God, with explanation, at the gate,
The pilgrim, late returning home, shall meet,
And make the broken parts of life complete."

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Psalm xcvii. 11.

"The *light* is sown. And yet life's flowing stream,
Through night and shadow bears most trusting hearts ;
All real things unlike the promised seem ;
As knowledge grows, earth's dream of bliss departs.

"And is the Lord unmindful of our pain ?
His words of promise nought but empty sound ?
Are faith, and hope, and patience all in vain ?
Or will our pangs in fruitage yet abound ?

"The light is *sown*. For weary months the harvest waits,
And frost and night join sunny days to bring
The golden sheaves. At yonder radiant gates
So we shall reap. In 'gladness' then we'll sing !"

We have asked some of his old friends who knew him long and well to join his ministerial brethren in laying a wreath upon the bier of our departed brother. They have kindly complied as follows:

Mr. John Donagh, who spoke with great tenderness at the memorial service in Sherbourne Street Church, writes as follows:

While Methodism mourns the untimely loss, in the death of Dr. Stafford, of one of her clearest thinkers and foremost preachers, there are many hearts like my own grieving over the sudden severance of a warm and tender friendship.

Dr. Stafford was often called cold and reserved, by those who only knew him superficially, but to those who were admitted to the inner circle, he revealed a heart that glowed with warmth and tender feeling, and was full of passionate devotion to those whom he called his friends. To be his friend was to hold the key that could open an overflowing treasury of loyalty, sympathy, and generosity. His friend could do no wrong, and he had an ample mantle of charity for the foibles and failings of those whom he loved.

His whole heart was in his work as a preacher of the Gospel. He brought to it all the forces and resources of a well-trained and richly-furnished mind. He delighted in preaching, or rather teaching the Word, and he often complained that there was so much that ought to be said, and so little time in which to say it. He never exhausted himself on any subject in a single sermon, but would frequently take the same text several times in succession, and teach the truths it contained until he was sure he had fixed them in the minds of his hearers. His illustrations were homely, apt, and striking. He drew upon his early experiences as a farm lad, and as a country school teacher. He made frequent use of the sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic incidents that fall in the way of the Methodist preacher on back circuits. He walked the streets of the city in search of helpful illustrations and the chance remarks of passers-by, and the trivial occurrences that would have escaped less watchful eyes were all woven into his sermons. He had a keen sense of humour, and could always see and seldom could resist the temptation to present the funny side of the subject of conversation. He was a master of sarcasm and was marvellously fluent in the use of quaint and striking phrases. He often illustrated a sermon with what might be called a novelette, and he had the art of a Dickens in clothing his character with flesh and blood and making them speak the truths he wished to convey.

He was as simple, plain, and unaffected in the pulpit as he was on the street or in the parlour. He had few of the arts or graces of the orator, and yet with his drawling monotone, and sometimes awkward gestures, he held his hearers spell-bound, and they sat at his feet as pupils before a teacher, drinking in the words that fell from his lips, and going away helped and strengthened and inspired. The secret of his power was two-fold. He possessed in large measure the endowment of the Holy Spirit and he had intensely human sympathies. He loved to present the Lord Jesus Christ as the one "who was tempted in all points like as we are" and who "is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." To his view God was always the loving Father, holding the door of mercy wide open and standing with outstretched arms to welcome the returning sinner. He always got at the truth from his own standpoint, and never could cast his ideas in other men's moulds. Everything he said bore the die-stamp of his own mintage. He was manly and courageous in the maintenance of his own opinions. He hated shams and hypocrisies, and he rose to highest flights of eloquence in denouncing oppression and fraud, wherever they might be found.

In leading his congregation in public worship he seemed to have the ear of the Almighty, and to be talking with the invisible, but real presence of the Master himself. He voiced all the aspirations and hopes and fears and difficulties and temptations of his people. He prayed for all sorts and conditions of men, women, and little children, with an understanding of their needs and a heart-felt sympathy for their struggles and their trials that seemed to draw all closer to himself and nearer to God.

His work in Sherbourne Street Church, though quiet, was forceful and fruitful, and has made a lasting impression upon its membership. Under his ministrations believers were built up and edified, and many souls were led to turn and follow the Master. And there are many others who,

though not visibly connected with the church, have strong impulses Christward, and are trying to-day to lead better lives, because of the inspiration and help they have received from Dr. Stafford. Others will reap the harvest from the seed he has sown.

It may be truthful to say that he was not a flawless diamond, but he was none the less a brilliant of the purest water, because all his facets were not highly cut and polished. He was a plain man, one of the people, on whom the Holy Spirit had come, and in whose heart abode the spirit of Christ, and God used him and honoured him in His service. The world is the richer for his having been in it, and the poorer for his having left it. It seems hard to realize that he has entered into rest at the noon-tide of life, with his psalm of life only half sung and his work apparently only just well begun. But God knew what was best for the frail and wearied man, and so we leave him safe in the hands of the loving Father, who giveth his beloved sleep.

His friend, Edward Gurney, thus describes his character:

Ezra A. Stafford cannot be called a type of any class, his personality, physical, mental and spiritual, being unique. Most men may be classified, but this man stands alone among his contemporaries.

He was more like Abraham Lincoln in appearance, voice, originality, homely methods of speech and illustration, than any man I know, but without Lincoln's gigantic physique. Had Stafford been as massive in body as he was in mental endowments his influence would have been world-wide. He was a democrat in the broadest sense, and always sought close contact with men; but was deterred from the formation of what may be called quick friendships by the hesitation of those whom he sought to approach. While he was the most delightful of companions, and admitted the humblest of his associates to the closest intimacy, no man was able to advance to a degree of familiarity that would sacrifice the dignity of its object. To a total stranger he seemed cold, while in fact he lived at white heat. No man was, or could be, a subject of indifference to him.

Love, indignation, and sorrow are the words that best describe his attitude to different classes of men. For men, he had none but kind words. For malign influences and interests, for unwholesome principles and opinions, he had a wealth and power of utterance that calls to mind the Hebrew prophets. I knew the man, and had his confidence, and can say that he was incomparable in his manifestation of interest in the social, moral, and religious questions of the day.

Stafford, though a finished scholar, never finished his education—he was still a student. The opinions of men—earnest men, seeking for truth—commanded his respectful consideration, and he anathematized no man who was from his point of view wrong or partly wrong.

To social questions he was especially alive, and while his love for men would have claimed his last dollar, he recognized that there was not any quick solvent in sight, but that this poor old world must go stumbling on through joy and sorrow to its destiny; that each man must patiently work "in front of his own door," and leave the issue in the hands of Him with whom "a thousand years are as one day."

His quaint, humorous indignation at quick solvents of social divergences

will always be remembered by men who loved him. So, in reference to the measurement of the Infinite, this great man would, as the measurers and their doctrines passed in review, evince such a mixture of pathos, amusement and indignation as to charm his auditors into a state alternating between laughter and tears. What faith he had in God, and how much he has done by his life and teaching to enrich the faith, and build up the character of the men whom he taught throughout this broad land! It has been said: "Given one Christian the adaptability of the Gospel is proven" —here is the man.

Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., an old and intimate friend of the subject of this sketch, in a brief note writes as follows on an important aspect of his character:

If I could say anything worthy of the subject and the occasion, I would willingly add something to the many tributes that are being paid to the memory of our friend Dr. Stafford. He was so many-sided that any sketch is not likely to do him justice. I will merely add a word on one phase of his character, namely, his dislike and contempt for the arts by which office and honours are so often obtained. This sentiment was as strong in him as I think could be in any man who appreciated as he did, the confidence and esteem of his fellowmen.

It was my privilege to have had him as my pastor, in Montreal and Toronto, for nine years. During that time I was associated with him, not only as a friend, but in official relations, as a member of Quarterly Boards, Annual and General Conferences, and other bodies. Few men have toiled so hard as he did for many years in early life, with but scant acknowledgement of his work or his worth. And few men have received more cordial and ungrudging recognition than he did in the few years that immediately preceded his early and lamented death. It is a wonderful record, within the short space of a dozen years, to have been elected the President of no less than three Annual Conferences, to have been sent as the honoured representative of our united Methodism to the General Conference of the great Methodist Episcopal Church, to have filled, at the urgent request of the Quarterly Boards, the pulpits of prominent churches in five of the leading cities of the Dominion, to have been transferred three times in order to fill these appointments, and to have been the almost unanimous choice of his fellow-graduates as one of their representatives on the Board of our University. And all these came, not only without solicitation on his part, but he would not have raised his little finger to secure any or all of them.

Mr. J. W. Bengough paid the following discriminative tribute to his memory in the pages of *Grip:*

A little span of half a hundred years
He walked the earth; yet so benign that walk
He still will live, when half a hundred more
Have come and gone.
Not that his fame was known in many lands,
To be re-echoed from the trump of time;

But that, within the sphere in which he moved—
The narrower bounds of this, his native land,
We knew his worth, and will not let him die.
From sire to son that noble memory—
A Sabbath sunlight round the tall, lithe form
Which shrined a soul wide as the human race,
That looked abroad with sad and gentle eyes,
Anon with humour kindling, yet which flashed
The lightning of a righteous wrath at times ;
And spoke, through lips that wore a genial smile,
The homely phrase that sent an old, old truth
Upon its errand looking almost new ;
And hid itself beneath the unschooled pose,
The nervous attitude, the quaint, slow voice,
That seldom rose to real eloquence—
Unless real eloquence is simple speech
That holds the mind and captivates the heart—
That noble memory from sire to son
Will surely pass, to bless and to inspire.
Bereavèd Methodism kneels and weeps
At Stafford's tomb, but not in solitude.
Beside her all the sister Churches bend ;
Creeds count for nought; this plain dead preacher here
Was great enough to love and reverence each,
And so is mourned by all.

DOWN TO SLEEP.

BY J. RHODA BULMER.

We lay us down to sleep ; oh, Father, Thou above,
Above our rest keep watch, in Thine own perfect love.

So long has been the day, so many tasks been done,
Full weary seem our hands, at setting of the sun.

And yet with all our toil, so much is left undone,
We turn to Thee with grief, at setting of the sun.

The shadows softly fall, we fold our tirèd hands,
Our day's work now is done, for good or ill it stands.

We leave it all with Thee, Thy hand can make it right,
Thy presence gives us rest, Thy glory fills the night.

We close our eyes in sleep, in deep unbroken rest,
Our ways are in Thy hand ; dear Lord, Thou knowest best.

Moncton, N.B.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY THE REV. W. A. QUAYLE, M.A.,

President of Baker University, Kansas,

II.

LIBERTY is a perennial reappearance. When men think it is dead, it is but "mewing its mighty youth." It marches forward and upward. The contest between cavalier and Puritan was Liberty's conflict. The battle belonged not to England but to the world. It was the cause of our common humanity. And Cromwell, as a leader in the fray, becomes a figure in Liberty's lists, and a character of consequence in the history of men. To every lover of liberty the name of Oliver Cromwell must have in it a deep and solemn music like the singing of a psalm. Liberty's battle is on. The King is uppermost. He is victorious. Capacity comes to the front. Cromwell moves into view. He was no seeker of place; place sought him. He tarried at home. He did the work that came to hand. He hated oppression. He loved liberty. What his kinsman Hampden did in the matter of ship-money, that Cromwell did in the matter of the draining of the fens. He felt himself in a high sense a subject of the government of God. He held himself ready to move obedient to the Divine command. Where duty called he followed. Liberty called Cromwell, he did not call himself. The exigencies of the hour pronounced his name. Capacity makes room for itself. It is always so. Gustavus Adolphus came because the place needed him. In the swirl of battle great men appear because the time calls them. When Liberty puts her clarion trumpet to her lips and sounds her note of wild alarum, than a host answers, "Lo, we come." War came in a great nation. It was no race of warriors. It had no long list of military greatness from which to call its leaders. The time came when the nation's life hung by a thread; when freedom's empire was well-nigh lost; and in the time of dire extremity help came. Grant, the invincible, with unostentatious tread, comes and leads a million men to deathless victory. It was the triumph of capacity. Greatness needs no herald before its face, nor asks for place, gift of another's hand, but does its duty, bides its time. So Cromwell came, illustrious day! He saw what others did not see. This battle was not primarily between social classes, but between conscience, religion, manhood on the one hand, and no conscience and hollow insincerity on the other.

"We must have God-fearing men," said Cromwell. This was a speech that genius alone could make. That was insight into the very core of the troublous times. He knew the thing with which he had to cope. What his coadjutors took years to learn, his acumen discovered at the first. Others led, he followed. Others in the van, he in the rear. He minded not that, troubled not about notice or praise. "God noticed him," says Carlyle. He was so faithful to his God and the cause of liberty as an inferior as to be felt the superior of all.

Some men seem great by lack of standard of measurement. Among a race of Lilliputians a Gulliver becomes a giant. In inferior epochs a man may tower above his contemporaries, not because he is so great, but because they are so insignificant. It is altogether possible it may be thus in this instance. But the question need not delay for answer. Look at his contemporaries. Call the names of those men who made those times memorable—Elliott, Pym, Hampden, Milton, Ireton, Thurloe, Blake, this is a bede-roll of greatness. These men would have shone in the constellations of every age. Add the name of Strafford, that imperious aristocrat, the statesman of the first Stuart reign, and we shall find that Cromwell lived among men whom the world reckons great. How then came this Cromwell to stand among them so vast? If the man was not fit figure for the world's Pantheon there is no explanation for the fact. He was a leader. He rose from the level when he served his country to where he was the cynosure of every eye and the desire of England. He hid himself. He put others forward. He asked no rank, but seemed lost in the cause of freedom.

It is observable that in some eras great men multiply. The times demand greatness. No progress is possible except Nature do bestir herself. See what hosts of notable generals the French Revolution produced. The names of men of superior powers in the American Revolutionary period are legion. It was the same in the crisis of the Rebellion. It is in such times, as if to meet the rush of the tempest and to withstand the mad charge of the sea, one gathered the latent, unsuspected energies of his manhood, and dedicated them every one to the task of standing impregnable as a tower. In this struggle for liberty, when great issues hung in the balance, greatness multiplied. Statesmen unknown arose and did legislate for generations that were yet to be. The call, the answer were blended in one voice. Great men were clustering about the standards of Liberty, and the most commanding figure on this stormy field is that of Oliver Cromwell. He is not to be accounted great because he dwelt among a pigmy

brood; but rather that among a coterie of men whose talent was far removed from mediocrity, he, Saul-like, towered a head above them all. Essex must go to the rear; not that Cromwell willed or planned it, but that a greater than he had come. Cromwell desired that Fairfax should have command of the war against the Scots; England has other desires. She knew the general for the conduct of this war was not Fairfax, but Cromwell. The nation had come to know its leader, and Dunbar and Worcester justified England's choice. This quiet, unassuming man now stands revealed,

> "The pillar of a people's hope,
> The centre of a world's desire."

He came, saw, conquered. He massed his God-fearing, praying battalions and flung him on his enemies like an avalanche. God-fearing men led by a man of God were invincible. The world looked and wondered. Battle with these men was duty; for they fought God's battles. Cromwell suspected that he was here to win. He declared he would slay the King should they meet in hour of conflict. He knew his era as no other knew it. He conquered the King, the Irish, the Scotch, the Parliament. He merits the name of Oliver the Conqueror. The train of his victories is like a silver highway on the swelling sea when the great moon is full.

It is not possible in a brief sketch to give an adequate estimate of genius such as this man possessed. For that task volumes only can suffice. But the characteristics of the man may be summed up best under a dual heading. First, the accusations brought against him; second, the claims made for him. Under the former of these captions three indictments may be mentioned. *(a)* He was a hypocrite; *(b)* He was cruel; *(c)* He betrayed the cause of liberty.

These are grievous charges. They do not militate against his genius, but they, if provable, will blast his character like an eternal mildew. Note each accusation. But before that task be attempted let it be remarked that his contemporary biographers were those whom he had conquered in battle or mastered in diplomacy. They wrote with pen dipped in gall. Suppose the solitary biographer of the Christ had been Annas or Caiaphas, Sadducee or Pharisee, what distorted features of the Lord would we behold! It is but too apparent that as seen through their eyes He would have looked the embodiment of iconoclasm, self-opinionation and colossal arrogancy. We have other, truer, and therefore fairer pictures. They who loved Him spoke of Him as

He was. They who hated Him had caricatured Him, and written beneath the travesty, "This fellow." Cromwell's life was not written by men who knew and loved him, but by defeated cavaliers, by jealous inferiority, wrathful because of the man's supremacy, or by lovers of liberty who were dreamers, and had not the insight to discern what Cromwell could but perceive. With such biographers who can wonder that the Cromwell of history seems a monster, a second Nero, whose memory is fit only for obloquy? This word of warning is absolutely necessary for those who would know the Puritan general and statesman aright.

To the charge of hypocrisy let it be replied, while his enemies are a unit in their accusations, they are not at all agreed as to the particular instances in which his omnipresent hypocrisy was displayed. One says he was profoundly hypocritical in advocating Fairfax's leadership in the war against the Scots; while Mrs. Harrison is sure that, though he was a monster of duplicity, he was honest here.

Charge first—Cromwell was a hypocrite, if he was a hypocrite, then was a towering genius exercised here as elsewhere. Hypocrisy is acting a part, wearing a mask. Cromwell, if he wore a mask, never dropped it. Not in word spoken or written, not in public or to his best beloved did he seem other than as we know him. We are told his religious phrases were a hypocrite's cant; but if any man can candidly read his letters and speeches and so believe, I marvel at his insight. What I maintain is that if the man was a hypocrite he was the most masterful deceiver that history displays; he was a genius in his craft. In truth, the man was the soul of honest intention. He was a believer in God and in the Puritan cause and in his own mission. He thought himself called of God to act his heroic part. He was a believer in divine decrees. He prayed, agonized, came from his hours of introspection imbued with the idea of God's commission for a given task Such a view of Cromwell makes his life rational. We can thus comprehend it. There is logical consecutiveness in his character; but on any other theory there is no Ariadne's clue whereby to escape the labyrinth. The charge of hypocrisy is an easy method of explaining an abstruse human problem. It is a method much in vogue for explaining what otherwise is inexplicable. It is my judgment that there is no shred of proof of Cromwell's alleged hypocrisy.

Charge second—Cromwell was cruel. I incline to the opinion that this will not bear the light of honest investigation. He was stern; he was a Puritan. That character was modelled after the Old Testament rather than the New. The severity of Moses with

the Amalekites was before Cromwell's eyes. Those heathen, to his thought, were not more assuredly the enemies of God than the men against whom the Puritan unsheathed his sword. The instance always adduced as proof positive of this charge is the Massacre of Drogheda and Wexford. But certain facts must be noted. War is not among the amenities. It is always cruel; but in this epoch war was clothed with horrors which our century cannot comprehend. Tilly, in the Thirty Years' War, had been guilty of the most execrable atrocities. The Catholics in Ireland, during the early stages of the Parliamentary struggle, had massacred helpless victims with such savage cruelty that England looked upon the perpetrators as fiends incarnate. They were savage belligerents whose proclivities for slaughter were so well known that it seemed essential to fling an abiding terror into their hearts. This was the end in view when Drogheda and Wexford were stormed and their population slaughtered. The end was gained. The hostile Irish were so totally subdued by the severity that they were guilty of no further outrage. Cromwell's plan, when the whole scope of affairs is considered, was without question the kindliest that could have been devised. This man by nature was not cruel. His government was not one of fierce ascerbity. His was a gentleness, a tenderness of treatment to the conquered cavalier which presents a striking contrast to the treatment accorded even the dead by re-enthroned royalty. Cromwell's governmental policy, viewed as a whole, is in no sense open to the charge of cruelty.

Charge third—Cromwell betrayed the cause of liberty. This, if true, expunges the man's name forever from the roll of patriotism. A traitor! thing to be despised! What are the facts? On what ground do the charges rest? He became Protector. The war was waged for liberty. Puritanism meant equality. A commonwealth shone in glory before their eyes. The ideal government was now to be inaugurated. Vane, Harrison, Haselrig dreamed their day-dream of democracy. They shut eyes and ears. They were oblivious to the tumultuous seas that surged about them. Cromwell knew his country and his time. He held his finger on the nation's pulse. He both heard and saw. He comprehended that the Long Parliament, which had in its life accomplished an epoch-making work, had now lived too long. It was becoming senile. The Commonwealth was speeding to destruction. Anarchy lay but a stone's cast ahead. Clear-visioned Cromwell comprehended this. No stronger believer in human equality lived than he. He would have England rule itself without the interposition of army or general; but it was

not capable for so herculean a labour. He chose to rule rather than see that for which his army and himself had fought fall into ruin.

England was not ready for self-government. It was not yet grown to man's estate. More than a century must pass ere Puritanism should grow so great. Confessedly a nation must have assumed the *toga virilis* before it can be self-controlling. France was incapable of self-government in 1789. The list of victims for the guillotine had not been half so long under a monarchy. It is a grave question whether to this hour the French people are qualified for this duty. The South American republics afford a melancholy spectacle and a suggestive lesson; while Mexico is a republic only in name. Cromwell waited with all patience till he saw whither England was drifting. He knew the brave craft would break to splinters on the rocks. The result subsequent to his death justified his views and vindicated his motive. It was not a question of Commonwealth or Cromwell; it was the question Cromwell or Charles II.? Cromwell the great, the heroic, the true, or Charles the insignificant, the cowardly, the false—which shall rule over us? Dare any man halt between these masters? This was the status of national affairs which called forth the resolution and insight of the Puritan statesman. His Protectorate, so far from being a betrayal of liberty, was liberty's preservation.

Having considered the negative phases of this man's character, let us look at the positive. Cromwell must be studied as soldier, orator, statesman, and man.

Cromwell the Soldier.

It is as a soldier that the world knows him best. That martial figure rivets the world's gaze. He was the soldier pre-eminent of the Revolutionary period. He rose to be general of all the army by force of achievement and by right of qualification. He was himself. He alone could cope with fiery Rupert. He alone could organize a body of soldiery whose fame should be as lasting as the world. There was in him the genius of originality and organization. He worked silently and persistently; and from that labour came the Ironsides—a body of citizen-soldiers, Christians buckling on the arms of temporal warfare—an organization where rank of mind was superior to rank of blood—a place where men might rise by courage and capacity, an embryonic military republic. This was the new model! praying soldier, unique creation! Antony, Cæsar, Frederick the Great were not more original in the cast of their military genius than he. The

formation of his army showed his eagle-like discernment. His army once created, his plan of battle was to drive like a tornado at the enemy's centre. He was no Fabius. The peculiarity of the Puritan character was visible in his military tactics. Massive directness, that was all—that was enough. Napoleon was to the end an artillery officer. That stamped all his military operations. Cromwell was to the end a cavalry officer. He fought to win: he fought and won. His was no half-hearted battle; but he bared the blade to smite with all the strength that slumbered in his arm. What Tennyson sings of Wellington might well be sung of Cromwell. He knew no defeat. His name is a synonym of victory. As a general he is a pride to England, a glory to the world.

Cromwell the Orator.

Cromwell as orator! This seems a touch of irony, or at best of acid humour. But he was orator. He had no art of Burke or Fox. He was no Chatham, no Pitt. He had no grace of person nor fascination of speech. But men heard him. He spake only when his heart was full. He resorted to speech solely when his silence oppressed him like a nightmare. It was the thought he wished expressed that drove him to speech. His periods were not those of Edward Everett. There was turgidity of style that hints of striving to put much thought within the limits of contracted utterance. He was warrior even in his orations. His vocabulary is Anglo-Saxon. It is often forceful as a battle-charge. He did not know circumlocution. In speech, as in battle, he drove at the centre. The shortest method to express the thought was the line of advance. Some of his battle bulletins seem to me as expressive as words could make them. I think no man could hear Cromwell speak and be uncertain as to his meaning. His metaphors are mixed, his sentences ill-balanced; but ambiguity was not among his literary faults. There is, in his addresses as handed down to us, something so stalwart, rugged, soldier-like, that I, for one, cannot escape their charm. I am well aware that to speak of Cromwell as orator is new. I venture to hope there is more than audacity in the claim.

Cromwell the Statesman.

This is high honour to claim for any man. Statesmanship is the ability to discern the trend of events and to shape the course of national affairs in harmony therewith. Politicians are many, statesmen, few. They do not often arise. Mark the procession of legislators and premiers of any nation. Note them with care.

See them with vision unobscured by the mists of contemporaneous praise and blame; and the conclusion will be forced upon us, however unsavory it may prove, that the statesmen in any nation's life are lamentably few. Soldier, Cromwell was. The justice of this appellation no one denies; but it has been observed that the qualities of generalship and statesmanship are not often co-existent. A man may be able to mass battalions and execute manœuvres and be wholly incapable of mastering even the rudiments of statecraft. Illustrations of the truth of this statement multiply in our thought. That Wellington, as a general, was great, let Waterloo declare; but that as a statesman he was below mediocrity, his premiership attests. To the rule as enunciated there are noticeable exceptions; but all such imply a plethora of genius. If Cromwell was a statesman as well as general, manifestly he belongs to that illustrious minority who are to be ranked as men of superlative powers.

It is common to say he was no statesman. Eminent authorities are sponsors for this statement. But if statesmanship implies far-sighted discernment and ability to achieve success, surely he was a statesman. Cromwell believed in, and unflinchingly advocated, religious toleration. In this the man was a century and more in advance of his times. He brought about the union of England, Ireland and Scotland. He befriended the American colonies. He disfranchised rotten boroughs, a task which required for its accomplishment the advocacy and diplomacy of leading statesmen of our century. He created the English navy. He attempted to reform the criminal law. He so championed the cause of Protestantism, that he brought the Duke of Savoy to a humiliating cessation from persecution. His call assembled the much ridiculed "Barebones Parliament," concerning which it is only just to remark first, that it was in a high sense a representative body, and second, that it did in its enactments forecast many of the most important of subsequent English legislation. Cromwell attempted a reform of the Court of Chancery and succeeded beyond belief. He it was who patronized learned institutions, and first insisted that young men should be trained for the public service in such centres of learning.

These particularizations will suffice to justify the assertion, "Cromwell was a statesman." Many a man has been ranked with statesmen, who accomplished not a tithe as much as Cromwell. His acts have the insignia of statesmanship. True it is that many of Cromwell's ventures were not successful. His navies came back defeated; his hopes were unfulfilled. But in his vast schemes it was as in a battle with long battle front. In some

places the forces are driven back, in others they charge victoriously onward; and the army as a whole advances with victory burning on her banners. Cromwell's plans in part frustrated, in part successful, did in their entirety end in supreme success. When his position is considered, and the odds against which he waged a sleepless war are numbered, it is not extravagant to affirm that no English king has shown himself so astute a statesman as the Puritan general, Oliver Cromwell.

Cromwell the Man.

Far above the what a man achieves, is the what he is. Manhood is nobler than genius. No achievement, however brilliant, can compensate for the lack of manliness. The what I am is the superior of what I do. Puritanism emphasized the dignity of manhood. Such a character as that movement produced, England had not seen for centuries. It has too frequently been the case that great intellectual power has been characterized by correspondingly great turpitude. Genius gives license for lust. With Cromwell it was not so. He was pure. His life was clean. Henry VIII. was a libertine; Charles I., a liar; Charles II., a second Domitian for lascivious revels. Cromwell, in striking antithesis, was true to home. He honoured his mother. He loved his wife. Their relations were the tenderest. He loved his children. His son, who was slain in battle, was never absent from his father's loving thought. His daughter, dying, the great heart of the stalwart soldier broke. About the man was a noble dignity. He had no little lordliness, no assumed superiority which marks the over-elevation of a little soul. He rose not above his place but to it. He possessed the dignified demeanour of a man "to the manner born." His comportment was such as brought no discredit to the great nation whose head he was. With him Whitehall was the Court of a Christian King. With his successor it was a home of royal prostitution. Could contrast be more marked? As a man, simple, humble, not intoxicated by his supreme elevation, but brave, pure, tender—he held to God as his soul's sovereign. The man, Cromwell, is of colossal mould, fit companion for Cromwell, orator, soldier, statesman.

We judge men by what they achieve. Their works do magnify them. The poet's poem is his exaltation; and the painter becomes a name because the canvas glows with hues and forms of imperishable loveliness. This man should be judged by like standard. He was general and ruler. He was great at home and abroad. He commanded the admiration of contemporaries. He made his government to be respected, feared. He gave Eng-

land imperishable renown. Assuredly, if this man be judged by what he did achieve he must be ranked, as says Goldwin Smith, "among the chiefest of the sons of men."

Cromwell, the great Protector, lies dying. A storm, fierce, wild, terrible, rages. The general is come unto his last battle. He will gird on sword no more. This is his last charge. It is September third. This is the anniversary of victory at Dunbar and Worcester. From those conflicts he came forth unscathed. From this he will be carried to his grave. He prays. England prays. The storm exalts itself like a triumphant troop. Illustrious hour in which a great soul may pass "to where beyond these voices there is peace." The battle is ended. The invulnerable chief is slain. Cromwell lies dead.

In Westminster Abbey there is a place for Mary, who lost Calais and stained her hands with martyr's blood; but for Oliver Cromwell, no place. He sounded his guns on every shore. He lost no principality. He shed no martyr's blood. He championed freedom of conscience. He compelled respect for Anglo-Saxondom. He made England illustrious as the dawn; but for him is no place in the mausoleum where English honour sleeps.

In Westminister Abbey there is a place for Charles II., who made the English Court a brothel, who sold Dunkirk to England's most inveterate enemy for money to squander on harlots—for him a place in Westminster. But for him who protected the lowliest citizen against the world, who made the Pope to do his bidding, who won Dunkirk with his soldier's hand—for Oliver Cromwell, there is no place in Westminster Abbey. Yet let this stand as an illustrious propriety. No cathedral shall hold *him*. *He* belongs to all the world. His fame is the common inheritance of the race.

THE CITY OF GOD.

SOMETIMES in heaven-sent dreams do I behold
  A city with its turrets high in air,
  Its gates that gleam with jewels strange and rare,
And streets that glow with burning of red gold;
And happy souls through blessedness grown bold,
  Thrill with their praises all the ambient air,
  And God himself is Light, and shineth there
On glories tongue of man hath never told;
And in my dreams I thither march, nor stay
  To heed earth's voices howsoe'er they call,
Or proffers of the joys of this brief day,
  On which so soon the sunset shadows fall;
I see the gleaming gates, and toward them press—
What though my path lead through the wilderness!

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D.

CREATIVE PROGRESS.

WORLDS would be very imperfect and useless when simply endowed with attraction and inertia, if no time were allowed for these forces to work out their legitimate results. We want something more than swirling seas of attracted gases, something more than compacted rocks. We look for soil, verdure, a paradise of beauty, animal life, and immortal minds. Let us go on with the process.

Light is the child of force, and the child, like its father, is full of power. We dowered our created world with but a single quality—a force of attraction. It not only had attraction for its own material substance, but sent out an all-pervasive attraction into space. By the force of condensation it flamed like a sun, and not only lighted its own substance, but it filled all space with the luminous outgoings of its power. A world may be limited, but its influence cannot; its body may have bounds, but its soul is infinite. Everywhere is its manifestation as real, power as effective, presence as actual, as at the central point. He that studies ponderable bodies alone is not studying the universe, only its skeleton. Skeletons are somewhat interesting in themselves, but far more so when covered with flesh, flushed with beauty, and inspired with soul. The universe has bones, flesh, beauty, soul, and all is one. It can be understood only by a study of all its parts, and by tracing effect to cause.

But how can condensation cause light? Power cannot be quiet. The mighty locomotive trembles with its own energy. A smitten piece of iron has all its infinitesimal atoms set in vehement commotion; they surge back and forth among themselves, like the waves of a storm-blown lake. Heat is a mode of motion. A heated body commences a vigorous vibration among its particles, and communicates these vibrations to the surrounding air and ether. When these vibrations reach 396,000,000,000,000 per second, the human eye, fitted to be affected by that number, discerns the emitted undulations, and the object seems to glow, with a dull red light; becoming hotter, the vibrations increase in rapidity. When they reach 765,000,000,000,000 per second the colour becomes violet, and the eye can observe them no farther. Between

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these numbers are those of different rapidities, which affect the eye—as orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, in an almost infinite number of shades—according to the sensitiveness of the eye.

We now see how our dark immensity of attractive atoms can become luminous. A force of compression results in vibrations within, communicated to the ether, discerned by the eye. Illustrations are numerous. If we suddenly push a piston into a cylinder of brass, the force produces heat enough to set fire to an inflammable substance within. Strike a half-inch cube of iron a moderate blow and it becomes warm; a sufficient blow, and its vibrations become quick enough to be seen—it is red-hot. Attach a thermometer to an extended arm of a whirling wheel; drive it against the air five hundred feet per second, the mercury rises 16°. The earth goes 98,000 feet per second, or one thousand miles a minute. If it come to an ærolite or mass of metallic rock, or even a cloudlet of gas, standing still in space, its contact with our air evolves 600,000° of heat. And when the meteor comes toward the world twenty-six miles a second, the heat would become proportionally greater if the meteor could abide it, and not be consumed in fervent heat. It vanishes almost as soon as seen. If there were meteoric masses enough lying in our path, our sky would blaze with myriads of flashes of light. Enough have been seen to enable a person to read by them at night. If a sufficient number were present, we should miss their individual flashes as they blend their separate fires in one sea of insufferable glory. The sun is 326,800 times as heavy as our planet; its attraction proportionally greater; the ærolites more numerous; and hence an infinite hail of stones, small masses and little worlds, makes ceaseless trails of light, whose individuality is lost in one dazzling sea of glory.

On the 1st day of September, 1859, two astronomers, independently of each other, saw a sudden brightening on the surface of the sun. Probably two large meteoric masses were travelling side by side at two or three hundred miles per second, and striking the sun's atmosphere, suddenly blazed into light bright enough to be seen on the intolerable light of the photosphere as a background. The earth responded to this new cause of brilliance and heat in the sun. Vivid auroras appeared, not only at the north and south poles, but even where such spectacles are seldom seen. The electro-magnetic disturbances were more distinctly marked. "In many places the telegraphic wires struck work. In Washington and Philadelphia the electric signalmen received severe electric shocks; at a station in Norway the telegraphic apparatus was set fire to; and at Boston a flame of fire followed

the pen of Bain's electric telegraph." There is the best of reason for believing that a continuous succession of such bodies might have gone far toward rendering the earth uncomfortable as a place of residence.

Of course, the same result of heat and light would follow from compression, if a body had the power of contraction in itself. We endowed every particle of our gas, myriads of miles in extent, with an attraction for every other particle. It immediately compressed itself into a light-giving body, which flamed out through the interstellar spaces, flushing all the celestial regions with exuberant light.

But heat exerts a repellent force among particles, and soon an equilibrium is reached, for there comes a time when the contracting body can contract no farther. But heat and light radiate away into cold space, then contraction goes on evolving more light, and so the suns flame on through the millions of years unquenched. It is estimated that the contraction of our sun, from filling immensity of space to its present size, could not afford heat enough to last more than 18,000,000 years, and that its contraction from its present density (that of a swamp) to such rock as that of which our earth is composed, could supply heat enough for 17,000,000 years longer. But the far-seeing mind of man knows a time must come when the present force of attraction shall have produced all the heat it can, and a new force of attraction must be added, or the sun itself will become cold as a cinder, dead as a burned-out char.

Since light and heat are the product of such enormous cosmic forces, they must partake of their nature, and be force. So they are. The sun has long arms, and they are full of unconquerable strength ninety-two millions, or any other number of millions, of miles away. All this light and heat comes through space that is 200° below zero, through utter darkness, and appears only on the earth. So the gas is darkness in the underground pipes, but light at the burner. So the electric power is unfelt by the cable in the bosom of the deep, but is expressive of thought and feeling at the end. Having found the cause of light, we will commence a study of its qualities and powers.

Light is the astronomer's necessity. When the sublime word was uttered, "Let there be light!" the study of astronomy was made possible. Man can gather but little of it with his eye; so he takes a lens twenty-six inches in diameter, and bends all the light that passes through it to a focus, then magnifies the image and takes it into his eye. Or he takes a mirror, six feet in diameter, so hollowed in the middle as to reflect all the rays fall-

ing upon it to one point, and makes this larger eye fill his own with light. By this larger light-gathering he discerns things for which the light falling on his pupil one-fifth of an inch in diameter would not be sufficient. We never have seen any sun or stars; we have only seen the light that left them a few minutes or years ago, more or less. Light is the aërial sprite that carries our measuring-rods across the infinite spaces; light spreads out the history of that far-off beginning; brings us the measure of stars a thousand times brighter than our sun; takes up into itself evidence of the very constitutional elements of the very far-off suns, and spreads them at our feet. It is of such capacity that the Divine nature, looking for an expression of its own omnipotence, omniscience, and power of revelation, was content to say, "God is Light." We shall need all our delicacy of analysis and measurement when we seek to determine the activities of matter so fine and near to spirit as light.

When we take instantaneous photographs by the exposure of the sensitive plate $\frac{1}{26000}$ part of a second, a stream of light nine miles long dashes in upon the plate in that very brief period of time.

The highest velocity we can give a rifle-ball is 2,000 feet a second, the next second it is only 1,500 feet, and soon it comes to rest. We cannot compact force enough behind a bit of lead to keep it flying. But light flies unweariedly and without diminution of speed. When it has come from the sun in eight minutes, Alpha Centauri in three years, Polaris in forty-five years, other stars in one thousand, its wings are in nowise fatigued, nor is the rapidity of its flight slackened in the least.

It is not the transactions of to-day that we read in the heavens, but it is history, some of it older than the time of Adam. Those stars may have been smitten out of existence decades of centuries ago, but their poured-out light is yet flooding the heavens.

It can go both ways at once in the same place, without interference. We see the light reflected from the new moon to the earth; reflected back from the house-tops, fields, and waters of earth, to the moon again, and from the moon to us once more—three times in opposite directions, in the same place, without interference, and thus we see "the old moon in the arms of the new."

Light was once supposed to be corpuscular, or consisting of transmitted particles. It is now known to be the result of undulations in ether. Reference has been made to the minuteness of these undulations. Their velocity is equally wonderful. Put a prism of glass into a ray of light coming into a dark room, and

it is instantly turned out of its course, some parts more and some less, according to the number of vibrations, and appears as the seven colours on different parts of the screen. But the different divisions we call colours are not colours in themselves at all, but simply a different number of vibrations. Colour is all in the eye. Violet has in different places from 716 to 765,000,000,000,000 of vibrations per second; red has, in different places, from 396 to 470,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second. None of these in any sense are colour, but affect the eye differently, and we call these different effects colour. They are simply various velocities of vibration.

Light comes in undulations to the eye, as tones of sound to the ear. Must not light also sing? The lowest tone we can hear is made by 16.5 vibrations of air per second; the highest, so shrill and "fine that nothing lives 'twixt it and silence," is made by 38,000 vibrations per second. Between these extremes lie eleven octaves. Not that sound vibrations cease at 38,000, but our organs are not fitted to hear beyond those limitations. If our ears were delicate enough, we could hear even up to the almost infinite vibrations of light. In one of those semi-inspirations we find in Shakespeare's work, he says:

> "There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim.
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

And that older poetry which is always highest truth says, "The morning stars sing together." We misconstrued another passage which we could not understand, and did not dare translate as it was written, till science crept up to a perception of the truth that had been standing there for ages, waiting a mind that could take it in. Now we read as it is written—"Thou makest the out-goings of the morning and evening to sing." Were our senses fine enough, we could hear the separate key-note of every individual star. Stars differ in glory and in power, and so in the volume and pitch of their song. Were our hearing sensitive enough, we could hear not only the separate key-notes but the infinite swelling harmony of these myriad stars of the sky, as they pour their mighty tide of united anthems in the ear of God:

> "In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice;
> Forever singing, as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine."

This music is not monotonous. Stars draw near each other, and make a light that is unapproachable by mortals; then the music swells beyond our ability to endure. They recede far away, making a light so dim that the music dies away, so near to silence that only spirits can perceive it. No wonder God rejoices in His works. They pour into His ear one ceaseless tide of rapturous song.

Our senses are limited—we have only five, but there is room for many more. Some time we shall be taken out of "this muddy vesture of decay," no longer see the universe through crevices of our prison-house, but shall range through wider fields, explore deeper mysteries, and discover new worlds, hints of which have never yet been blown across the wide Atlantic that rolls between them and men abiding in the flesh.

When we examine the assemblage of colours spread from the white ray of sunlight, we do not find red simple red, yellow yellow, etc., but there is a vast number of fine microscopic lines of various lengths, parallel—here near together, there far apart, always the same number and the same relative distance, when the same light and prism are used. What new alphabets to new realms of knowledge are these! Remember, that what we call colours are only various numbers of vibrations of ether. Remember, that every little group in the infinite variety of these vibrations may be affected differently from every other group. One number of these is bent by the prism to where we see what we call the violet, another number to the place we call red. All of the vibrations are destroyed when they strike a surface we call black. A part of them are destroyed when they strike a substance we call coloured. The rest are reflected, and give the impression of colour. Perhaps on the solar spectrum, all vibrations are destroyed where these dark lines appear. Perhaps this effect is not produced by the surface upon which the rays fall, but by some specific substance in the sun. This is just the truth. Light passing through vapour of burning iron has some four hundred numbers or kinds of vibrations destroyed, leaving that number of black lines; but if the salt or iron be glowing gas, in the source of the light itself the same lines are bright instead of dark.

Thus we have brought to our doors a readable record of the very substances composing every world hot enough to shine by its own light. We find in our sun many substances known to exist in the earth, and some that we had not discovered when the sun wrote their names, or rather made their mark, in the spectrum. Thus, also, we find that Betelguese and Algol are without

any perceivable indications of hydrogen, and Sirius has it in abundance. What a sense of acquaintanceship it gives us to look up and recognize the stars whose very substance we know! If we were transported thither, or beyond, we should not be altogether strangers in an unknown realm.

But the stars differ in their constituent elements; every ray that flashes from them bears in its very being proofs of what they are. Hence the eye of Omniscience, seeing a ray of light anywhere in the universe, though gone from its source a thousand years, would be able to tell from what orb it originally came.

Just above the colour vibrations of the unbraided sunbeam, above the violet, which is the highest number our eyes can detect, is a chemical force; it works the changes on the glass plate in photography; it transfigures the dark, cold soil into woody fibre, green leaf, downy rose petals, luscious fruit, and far pervasive odour; it flushes the wide acres of the prairie with grass and flowers, fills the valleys with trees, and covers the hills with corn, a single blade of which all the power of man could not make.

This power is also fit and able to survive. The engineer Stephenson once asked Dr. Buckland, "What is the power that drives that train?" pointing to one thundering by. "Well, I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "No, sir," said the engineer, "it is sunshine." The doctor was too dull to take it in. Let us see if we can trace such an evident effect to that distant cause. Ages ago the warm sunshine, falling on the scarcely lifted hills of Pennsylvania, caused the reedy vegetation to grow along the banks of shallow seas, accumulated vast amounts of this vegetation, sunk it beneath the sea, roofed it over with sand, compacted the sand into rock, and changed this vegetable matter—the products of the sunshine—into coal; and when it was ready, lifted it once more, all garnered for the use of men, roofed over with mighty mountains. We mine the coal, bring out the heat, raise the steam, drive the train, so that in the ultimate analyses it is sunshine that drives the train. These great beds of coal are nothing but condensed sunshine—the sun's great force, through ages gone, preserved for our use to-day. And it is so full of force that a piece of coal that will weigh three pounds (as big as a large pair of fists) has as much power in it as the average man puts into a day's work. Three tons of coal will pump as much water or shovel as much sand as the average man will pump or shovel in a lifetime.

Gunpowder may be exploded by heat sent through ice. Dr. Kane, years ago, made this experiment. He was coming down

from the north, and fell in with some Esquimaux, whom he was anxious to conciliate. He said to the old wizard of the tribe, "I am a wizard; I can bring the sun down out of the heavens with a piece of ice." That was a good deal to say in a country where there was so little sun. "So," he writes, "I took my hatchet, chipped a small piece of ice into the form of a double-convex lens, smoothed it with my warm hands, held it up to the sun, and, as the old man was blind, I kindly burned a blister on the back of his hand to show him I could do it."

This is a simple illustration of the various kinds of heat. The best furnace or stove ever invented consumes fifteen times as much fuel to produce a given amount of heat as the furnace in our bodies consumes to produce a similar amount. We lay in our supplies of carbon at the breakfast, dinner, and supper table, and keep ourselves warm by economically burning it with the oxygen we breathe.

The heat of the sunbeam goes through glass without any hindrance whatever. It streams into the room as freely as if there were no glass there. But what if the furnace or stove heat went through the glass with equal facility? We might as well try to heat our rooms with the window-panes all out, and the blast of winter sweeping through them.

The heat of the sun, by its intense vibrations, comes to the earth dowered with a power which pierces the miles of our atmosphere, but if our air were as pervious to the heat of the earth, this heat would fly away every night, and our temperature would go down to 200° below zero.

Worlds that are so distant as to receive only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the heat we enjoy, may have atmospheres that retain it all. Indeed it is probable that Mars, that receives but one-quarter as much heat as the earth, has a temperature as high as ours.

The power that journeys along the celestial spaces in the flashing sunshine is beyond our comprehension. It accomplishes with ease what man strives in vain to do with all his strength. At West Point there are some links of a chain that was stretched across the river to prevent British ships from ascending; these links were made of two-and-a-quarter-inch iron. A powerful locomotive might tug in vain at one of them and not stretch it the thousandth part of an inch. But the heat of a single gas-burner, that glows with the preserved sunlight of other ages, when suitably applied to the link, stretches it with ease; such enormous power has a little heat. There is a certain iron bridge across the Thames at London, resting on arches. The warm sunshine, acting upon the iron, stations its particles farther and

farther apart. Since the bottom cannot give way the arches must rise in the middle. As they become longer they lift the whole bridge, and all the thundering locomotives and miles of goods trains cannot bring that bridge down again until the power of the sunshine has been withdrawn. There is Bunker Hill Monument, thirty-two feet square at the base, with an elevation of two hundred and twenty feet. The sunshine of every summer's day takes hold of that mighty pile of granite with its aërial fingers, lengthens the side affected, and bends the whole great mass as easily as one would bend a whipstock.

The sunshine says to the sea, held in the grasp of gravitation, "Rise from your bed! Let millions of tons of water fly on the wings of the viewless air, hundreds of miles to the distant mountains, and pour there those millions of tons that shall refresh a whole continent, and shall gather in rivers fitted to bear the commerce and the navies of nations." Gravitation says, "I will hold every particle of this ocean as near the centre of this earth as I can." Sunshine speaks with its word of power, and says, "Up and away!" And in the wreathing mists of morning these myriads of tons rise in the air, fly away hundreds of miles, and supply all the Niagaras, Mississippis and Amazons of earth. The sun says to the earth, wrapped in the mantle of winter, "Bloom again;" and the snows melt, the ice retires, and vegetation breaks forth, birds sing, and spring is about us.

Across the astronomic spaces reach all these powers, making creation a perpetual process rather than a single act. It almost seems as if light, in its varied capacities, were the embodiment of God's creative power; as if, having said, "Let there be light," he need do nothing else, but allow it to carry forward the creative processes to the end of time. It was Newton, one of the earliest and most acute investigators in this study of light, who said, "I seem to have wandered on the shore of Truth's great ocean, and to have gathered a few pebbles more beautiful than common; but the vast ocean itself rolls before me undiscovered and unexplored."

WHAT though the night of earth be long and drear,
  And grief may be your guest its slow hours through;
Think but of Him who left His home of light
    To dwell with grief for you—
Then patient bear with the unwelcome guest,
  And while away the weary hours of night
By musings on the joy your Lord will bring
    With the sweet morning light.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

THE NEW EVANGEL.

BY MRS. J. H. M'MECHAN.

In all moral reforms Christian womanhood has taken a conspicuous and practical interest. If proof were needed we might instance the fragrant charities of Elizabeth Fry, the sublime endurance of Josephine Butler, in her efforts for social purity, or continue the honour roll with the names of Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Lady Henry Somerset, Frances Willard, or our dusky sister the Pundita Ramabai, nor would we omit to place side by side with these honoured names those of our own beloved Miss Cartmell, or our heroic Mrs. Large. A prominent writer thus paraphrases this statement:

"No more remarkable revolution, and none that has in it more of the elements of a larger hope for humanity, has taken place in this wonderful century than that which has brought women to the front in so many departments of useful industry, social reform and Christian philanthropy. A striking illustration was afforded in the reports presented at the recent meetings of various Church courts in Ontario, showing as they most invariably did, that in such distinctive Church work as that of missions women are now the most self-denying, active and efficient agents."

When the civil war of the United States closed there were bleeding hearts praying for healing. As if in answer to this prayer came the inspiration to that Christly woman, Mrs. Doremus, to band together the women of her city in holy endeavour to bring to the suffering women of heathendom the light and life of the Gospel. The time was fitting, experience having proved that organization in the case of the various corps of hospital nurses had been such a source of strength and support, a similar movement on the part of Christian women for the relief of their heathen sisters met with a ready response.

From the small beginning in 1861, when the "Woman's Union Board" met in Mrs. Doremus' parlours, this movement has progressed, gathering momentum in its course, till the year 1891 sees 39,994 local auxiliaries meeting regularly for prayer and information. These auxiliaries are banded together under fifty different Boards, the majority being either American or Canadian. We would not omit to mention that as early as 1834 the Society for Female Education in the East had been operating in the motherland, and also a few desultory efforts in other directions; but a general movement appears to have been made shortly after the initiatory step taken in Brooklyn, and as the doors were opened

for woman's work, Boards multiplied, till their operations extend to all points where the parent societies are sustaining missions, and even, in a few instances, women are working *alone*. At the latest summing up the aggregate income from Woman's Boards amounted to $1,785,001.00.

There are three points in these woman's movements which we think will bear special emphasis as being the key to their rapid growth and success, viz., *Organization, Knowledge* and *Sympathy*. We cannot touch the first point without a tribute to the Women's Christian Temperance Union, that "sober second thought" of the woman's crusade in 1873-74. Though not so old in years as the Church societies, it has belted the world with groups of Christian women of united purpose, wise counsel and intelligent method. This association is a standing reproof to the assertion that women have neither cohesion nor executive ability, for in seventeen years they have won to their ranks over 200,000 members, and they are becoming a power which our city councils are bound to respect. Let us hope the day is not distant when the inhabitants of our fair Dominion shall clasp hands with the dusky sons of Africa and the beautiful daughters of the Orient, and to heaven shall rise the chorus, "For God, and home, and native land;" and when from the statute books of the world shall be erased those laws which confer upon individuals or upon corporations the right to traffic in souls. Then, indeed, shall the government be upon His shoulders and the millennial dawn shall rise.

Though not touching so many points of practical work as the W. C. T. U., the organization of home societies is as thorough and effective in the Woman's Missionary Society, auxiliaries being well "manned" and conventions conducted with business-like ability and definiteness of method.

Now on the point of Knowledge. The meeting together statedly to consider any subject must create interest. The constant correspondence between the home and the foreign field leads to a realization of what our Lord meant when he said, "The field is the world." Women are so apt to bound that field by the four walls of home duty, or at best the local claim of what they speak of as "our Church." The demand for suitable literature in our woman's work is one of the most cheering signs of growth, for where knowledge is there is zeal. Our American sisters have not grudged their best talent to the cause of missions, and consecrated pens have lent a charm to the story of the triumphs of the cross in heathen lands. We in Canada have been slower to realize the nobility of the theme. Oh for an anointing both of tongue and pen in this grand cause!

The third point, Sympathy. One-third of the number of foreign missionaries are women, daughters and sisters from our home churches. Dare we be so derelict as to let their hands hang down for lack of our prayers? It is ours to keep the windows of heaven open, that blessing may be poured out upon them and their work, and with these living links to bind us to the work we are not apt to forget that "round by the way of heaven we can reach across the sea."

In 1881 the women of Canadian Methodism first realized that it was their privilege to join in this grand succession. A call having come from Japan for workers to assist the parent society, a group of ladies met in the Centenary Church, Hamilton, and organized the Woman's Missionary Society. This little group has expanded year by year till 16,500 women and girls are banded together in 436 auxiliaries and 183 mission circles, covering a territory extending from British Columbia to Newfoundland. Six branches meet annually to receive reports and to devise plans of work.

This success has not, however, been achieved without some misgivings. When it was first proposed to go up and possess the land for the Woman's Missionary Society, there were tall Anakim to be encountered The tallest of these was the General Missionary Society. "It will certainly interfere both with its operations and its income," said the timorous souls; but look! ten years have elapsed, and what is the record? For the one, steady and progressive increase; and for the Woman's Missionary Society, an income this year of $31,000; and is any society of the Church the poorer?"*

*The following figures show how year by year the income of both Societies has increased for the last decade. Amount raised by the General Missionary Society during the past ten years:

1881–82	$159,243 51
1882–83	159,228 28
1883–84	159,146 70
1884–85	180,129 71
1885–86	189,811 37
1886–87	201,874 34
1887–88	219,480 00
1888–89	215,775 41
1899–90	220,026 43
1890–91	243,015 43
Total	$1,947,731 18

The income of 1881-82 was an increase of $24,400.30 upon that of 1880-81.

May we be permitted to quote from the Mildmay Conference Report. The testimony is that of a black woman from the liberated South. "The spirit of missions is the spirit of sharing all that we have. These poor women, who have not a whole loaf, not even half a loaf to share with their sisters in foreign lands, are sharing their *crust,* and are ready to give themselves to this grand cause, and they, these coloured women of the Southern States, have missions in four of the West India Islands and in Sierra Leone." And these women are but thirty years out of slavery!

> "Be not disheartened at thy little means,
> Nor ask, Lord, how can I do aught to aid?
> Offer thy loaf, and God shall multiply
> To thee and thine this gift of ready love."

Another of the giants was the difficulty of finding those willing to take the responsibility of the home societies; and out of this difficulty has come to the workers spiritual development undreamed of before. The Lord lays His hand on many a busy mother whose executive ability has hitherto been expended on her own orderly home. He says, "Daughter, your sisters need you to lead in this new work," and the woman, who has scarcely uttered a prayer in the presence of others, becomes the head of an efficient and enthusiastic society. But think you she offered to the Lord of that which cost her nothing? The burning glass of fire and illumination has taken away the very thought of rebellion, and the "Here am I, send me" has become an actual experience, not merely an untested sentiment. Would that we could reproduce here the lovely testimonies of the workers given in our consecration meetings. It is the old story—trusted, tried, and then led out into light and joy.

The doors have opened for our agents, till now we have schools

Amount raised by the Woman's Missionary Society since organization:

1881–82	$2,916 78
1882–83	4,281 19
1883–84	6,421 15
1884–85	7,452 92
1885–86	11,539 91
1886–87	14,196 51
1887–88	19,070 38
1888–89	22,306 28
1889–90	25,560 76
1890–91	31,698 96
Total	$145,444 84

and evangelists in Japan, Indian Homes in Chilliwhack, B.C.,* and in Port Simpson, B.C., Chinese rescue work in Victoria, B.C., and French work in the Province of Quebec. We have also sent one lady with the party *en route* for China. In these troublous times may the pillar of cloud and of fire go before and protect them. It is hoped to enter upon medical work in conjunction with the doctors of the party as opportunity may offer.

On this humane side of woman's work among her suffering sisters we cannot touch; it is in itself a Gospel which would occupy pages to narrate. As an illustration of the low value placed upon human (woman) life in China, Dr. Hart states that in one province the exports are girls and silk quilts. A silk quilt costs $8; *you can buy a girl for $3!* And these girls have *souls*, and this is the year of *our* Lord 1892. Women of Methodism, is it not the year of *their* Lord, too? How long are we going to wait to tell them?

When the Christ child lay in the lap of Mary, then was vindicated the position which Christianity intended woman to occupy. Nineteen centuries have almost passed away, and still there are HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS of women who have never heard of Christ. Dare we stand and admire ourselves for doing "so much" in the face of this appalling fact?

"Like a mighty army moves the Church of God." In the army of the Methodist Church at least 116,000 are women. We covet for our Woman's Missionary Society every woman in this noble contingent. We covet especially our young ladies, who, with their gift of life and enthusiasm, can take up the work so imperfectly done and soon to be laid down by us. Many a young lady has learned through this Woman's Missionary Society that life holds for her a nobler purpose than the construction of a few yards of embroidery, or the triumphs of a successful social season. Sisters, we have tried to send you an affectionate and faithful message; will you listen?

*Just as we write comes the sorrowful news of the burning of the Chilliwhack Home. We express the sincere hope that adequate accommodation may be secured for the thirty houseless children till rebuilding can be accomplished.

WE thank Thee, Lord!
Giving or taking, be Thy name adored:
Nay, ever giving, death alone fulfills
The hope with which each heart in gladness thrills.
Thought cannot fathom, nor can words express
The gift of the eternal blessedness.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MONSTER.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER III.—HER HELPER.

"Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the Hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat."

At the garret door Hannah paused to subdue somewhat the tumult of her feelings. She strove to evoke from the shadowy memories of childhood some pleasing picture of her father. No gentle presentiment answered her incantations. She was full of an unspeakable dread of opening this door and coming face to face with the long forgotten parent,—her step-mother's story had filled her mind with visions of a felon, a gambler, a drunkard, a maniac, a craven hiding for years from justice! But there was no time for delay; death was swiftly advancing in the room below stairs.

To unlock the door Hannah was obliged to set down the lamp; the key slipped noiselessly in the well-oiled lock, and the door, which had no latch, fell suddenly and silently open. The skylight had been removed for coolness, and a full flood of moonlight poured directly upon the white pallet which stood under the opening. Her father lay on the bed asleep; he was but partly undressed; his shirt was open at the throat, and the sleeves were thrown back; one arm was stretched by his side, the other flung over his head. He slept and looked—like a boy. Hannah recalled an engraving she had seen at Mrs. Rupert's, of the young Endymion. This might have been a somewhat older Endymion, sleeping in the glory of the beams he loved so well. At forty Henry Walden was still the handsome, spoiled boy, flattered, humoured, ruined because—he had been beautiful as a girl, and with a girl's winning grace.

Hannah gazed in silence at the faultless features, the marble-white complexion, the fair, thick, wavy hair, the chin smooth as a woman's, the face saved from unpleasing effeminacy by the fair whiskers curling on the side of either cheek. The steady gaze of Hannah, or possibly the unwonted fact of a human presence, aroused the sleeper, just as Hannah's horror of some unknown monster had yielded to the charm that all confessed in Henry Walden's face. As the girl saw her father, so he saw his daughter, transfigured in the moonlight. He rose upon his elbow.

"Rhoda! Rhoda! come back to me after all these years! You said you would come for me—when it was my time to die—but —oh, leave me, Rhoda, I cannot die!"

In these last words this man's infinite weakness wailed out—

and it darted into Hannah's mind, that her step-mother need never have feared that he would kill himself; he had evidently the strongest kind of terror of death.

"I am not Rhoda," she said. "I am her daughter, your daughter; I am Hannah."

Henry Walden stood up. "Hannah!" he said in tenderest tones, "my own little girl grown up! My daughter a woman! and such a lovely woman, come like an angel to your forlorn father, lying alone in the night!"

He put his arm around his daughter, and looked her in the face—they were nearly of one height: Hannah was not a small woman, and her father was not a tall man.

"So like your mother!" he said caressingly; "fair, and sweet and strong—for a weak one like me to lean on. I had not looked for you yet—not for a few weeks more—to come and tell me I was free—to lead me back to some part of the world from which I have been caged so long."

"I come on a worse errand to-night," said Hannah. "I bring you the saddest of news."

His grasp tightened on her—he held her close—he looked about. "Have they found me? are they after me now?"

Still himself—only himself—just as the poor woman below thought of him, only of him. It angered Hannah.

"Not that," she said, "but—come below—your wife is dying."

"Dying! My Margaret! My dear, good Margaret, best of wives, dying,—and what am I to do—she was my all."

Hannah picked up the lamp, and went on, grasping his hand. At the top of the stair he held back—

"Other people may be down there. I shall not be safe."

"There is no one," said Hannah, curtly. "*She* thought of that."

And it vexed her more and more, this evident thinking only of himself. But once in the room where his wife lay, his eyes meeting those sad eyes whose light was going out—recognizing the stamp of death—the "shadow on those features fine and thin," he flung himself on his knees and burst into a passion of grief. He reproached himself, who had been her burden; he entreated her not to leave him; he extolled her virtues.

The scene was moving, but dangerous. Hannah grasped his shoulder. "Stop, father! stop. You are hurting her; you will hasten her death—you overcome her—control yourself!"

He yielded to the stronger spirit of his daughter—became quiet. Mrs. Walden looked at the two—the kneeling, quivering man, the strong figure of the girl, erect, with her hand on his shoulder.

"She will take care of you," she said softly. "I leave my work to Hannah. Once, I think, I was jealous of her—that you had any one to love but me—that you had loved her mother. But it is all right now. She will take care of you after I am gone, just as her mother took care of you before I came."

This was a new gospel to Hannah; she had felt, gathered it from nature perhaps, that man is to protect, and woman to be

protected. Why in the case of her father were these natural conditions reversed? Why has he to be the protected, and some woman always his protector?

She had been told the "why"—to her the bitterest of all reasons had been given. He had sold his strength to strong drink—appetite had subverted his manhood. Could she love such a father as this?

As Mrs. Walden spoke, Henry Walden turned his head, and kissed the hand that lay on his shoulder. "I am always some one's care and burden," he said easily. "Woman, lovely woman has spoiled me, and she bears the penalty. First my mother, then my sisters—then Rhoda—then you, my Margaret—and next it will be Rhoda's child! Always someone to be good to me and bear with me. And yet—sometimes—when I look over it all—it seems that there was something wrong about it. There are places where they fling young infants into the sea to teach them to strike out and swim for themselves. I should have been taught to battle for myself and with my tendencies. Your grandmother made a mistake, daughter, and you pay for it."

He spoke as easily as if he were entirely aside from the question.

"Let that pass," said Hannah, "the night grows late, the doctor will return. You have only these few minutes to *see her*."

"Hannah!" said Mrs Walden, "you promise me to take care of your father?"

"Yes," replied Hannah, stoutly.

"And you will finish paying that debt, and you will take him far away—out of danger and temptation, to begin life anew?"

"If he will go," said Hannah.

"My dearest girl," said her father. "I always do as I am bid."

"Hannah, you will stand by him, and never forsake him for any one?"

"I promise all you ask," said Hannah.

"And now, Henry, this charge is great to so young a girl. We must make it as easy as we can. Promise me you will drink no more."

"My dear love, I have promised it a hundred times. Regularly, as often as I have transgressed your wish, I have promised amendment. I am always promising. Strange I never find myself performing."

"But it must be a more sacred promise now. Swear it."

"But my best Margaret, I have sworn it. How many times! But each time I have broken the oath by stress of circumstances or overwhelming appetite."

"How often have I told you," said the low voice of the dying woman, "that promises and pledges are kept only by the grace and power of God? Oh, Henry, if you would only promise to seek the Saviour. He is not far from any who call upon Him. He will be found of them that seek Him. I cannot go out of this world, feeling that you will keep on neglecting the interests of your soul, until death overtakes you, and we are parted forever."

"But what good can He do me, Margaret?" said Henry Walden. "I cannot realize Him, this Unseen Christ."

He can help you conquer your appetite, He can forgive your sins, He can be an ever-present help in time of trouble. Here I am, in a very little while, to try the realities of that world that lies out of all reach and knowledge of this, and I am not afraid. I shall find One there who has known my soul in adversities; One closer than a brother; One able to supply all my needs. You too must reach this hour, Henry; you would not welcome death."

Hannah felt her father shiver at the very thought

"Then make friends with Christ, and live the rest of your life to Him. In Him conquer your appetite, and get forgiveness of sins. Without Him you are lost."

"Dear Margaret," remonstrated Henry Walden, "why lost? I have done no wrong, except when I was not myself, and am I to blame for an appetite born in me, and more vigorous than myself?"

"You are to blame for not mastering that appetite."

"But at such times as this, I don't feel it. Why try to master it? Best let sleeping dogs lie; and when it possesses me, like a strong man armed, then I am helpless. And so it goes on, Margaret—the old story. Since you have been so loving and indulgent, God will no doubt be the same, and Hannah will also."

"Do you mean," said Hannah slowly, "that I shall do just as *she* has done?"

"Yes! you will save me from people, Hannah."

"And from yourself also," said Hannah. "I shall never give you one drop of alcoholic drinks, father, of any kind. It would be against my principles."

"And you have principles?" asked her father.

"Surely. What a poor specimen is humanity without principles."

"Eh? Why, I haven't any, as I know of, unless it always was to get along as easily as I could; but luck went against me somehow. Consider! A prisoner for these years!"

"It is the old hardness of the transgressor's way. Henry, leave it. Change now into the path of righteousness," said the wife.

"I am forty almost; is not that too late to change?"

He spoke still in that flippant, genteel, small-talk style. But as he spoke the white face on the pillow grew ghastly and contorted, and the thin hands flew up to the breast as if to tear away a pain. Hannah ran to give her mother an anodyne, but it was too late; as the girl lifted her step-mother's head on her arm, a rattle gurgled in the throat, the eyes grew set and she was gone. Then Henry Walden's passion of woe and remorse broke out again. He kissed his dead wife, and entreated her to come back and accept his promise of temperance, his vows to seek God. Why had she gone so soon? Why had God been so hard on him, to take her away, just as taught by her he meant to begin a true good life?

Hannah stood silent between her dead and her living—between

the dead whom she had misunderstood, and the living who was to her an incomprehensible mystery. Here was the suddenly found father, who antagonized all her instinctive theories of the relationships between fathers and daughters, or men and women.

"Come, father," she said at last, "you must go back. I must call in the neighbours. *She* would have wanted you safe. Come, you must leave her."

"And never see her again?" shrieked Walden.

"Only in her coffin," said Hannah, taking his hand.

They went to the door. Walden looked back and burst into a passion of tears. "Girl! She loved me!"

"Yes, yes!" said Hannah, with a groan. "I begin to learn how women die."

She shut her father back in his strange captivity. Then she called in one or two of the neighbours, and waited on them, while in village reverence and simplicity they prepared the dead for burial. Then as the day slowly and early dawned in eastern rose, Hannah left one neighbour sitting silent by the corpse, and let the other out at the front door. Her work was not then done; her first task for her father had grown on her, as she had followed the revelations of that night. She went to the cellar, and there in the vault was that fatal demijohn with brandy, and the basket with certain bottles of champagne. Let come what would she would never deal out to her father that cup of death. She carried bottles and demijohns to the sink, emptied and washed them. It never entered her direct mind to give these things to the hospital —in Hannah's opinion the hospital had no right to use them. The girl had been born a radical—it was the rebound of the pendulum from her father's easy, inconstant nature. Well, that work was done, and still the early pink and primrose lingered in the sky, and the sun was not up. Hannah dropped into a rocking-chair in the work-room, her step-mother's forever abandoned chair. Parts of two or three silk and muslin dresses lay on the table and lounge; flounces, puffs, ruffles, shreds of satin and lace on the floor; the scissors and thimble dropped where the sudden summons of death had stayed the diligent worker.

Alone, ah, how bitterly alone. True to the varied ruling passions of their lives, the two who had spoken at that death-scene, had thought—the man only of himself—the woman only of him. Neither of them had thought of Hannah. To her the Living Personal Christ had not been commended. But now she was left alone, a great burden on her young hands—and she had found a father to be watched, restrained, cherished, like a captious child. Hannah felt sinking and alone in some never-ending night. She had come to her valley of the shadow of death. Dim and misty before her, on her bitter way, seemed to pass that Human Form with its divine nimbus—and a voice gathered slowly in her ears. "In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the Angel of His Presence saved them." She could not speak nor pray; she could only hold out her hands as one who groped in the dark, and moan an inarticulate cry.

Then a step came up the walk and along the hall—not like other steps; there was the fall of the foot, and the sharp prod of a crutch. The door opened to a girl of twenty—Hannah's only friend, Hillary.

Mrs. Walden had not encouraged Hannah to have friends. The peculiar secret she was hiding made it needful for her to keep the sharp eyes of youth away from her house. But there was a strong sympathy between Hannah and Hillary. Hannah had a step-mother; Hillary was housed and tolerated by a very selfish aunt.

The girls had said that when they grew older, Hannah in some wonderful way should make a fortune, and she and Hillary should go and keep house somewhere together, and never part, but be like some of those pairs of friends who live on the pages of history.

Hillary came in and kissed Hannah. Hillary shed tears, but Hannah sat in stony silence.

"Poor Hannah," said Hillary, "I wish I could stay with you; but I cannot. I could hardly come this little minute."

"I wish," said Hannah, "that I had understood my step-mother better. I never knew what she was till I lost her."

"One always feels that way," said Hillary. "But you were a good daughter, Hannah. You helped her, and did all she said. You gave up every simple little thing that had even no reason in it."

"It had all reason," said Hannah, "only I did not know it."

"That is what we can say of God's dealings with us," said Hillary.

"And now I am left alone in the world, and so burdened I don't know what to do," groaned Hannah. "Left alone!"

"Try Christ," said Hillary.

"I feel like the man who said: 'Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on Him?'"

"And you know right away Christ revealed Himself to him."

"Only I can't understand Him," said Hannah.

"But *you can lean on Him all the same.* He is a personal Saviour, not a name or a shadow. I've found it so; you know I've had lots of trouble, and if I had not realized the help of Christ, I couldn't have endured it. But He is God-man. Human, intensely human to feel all our woes and be tempted in our temptations, and Divine, so that as a God He lifts us up, and carries all our burdens and us too. There's your help, Hannah—only there."

Hillary kissed her and ran out. Hannah felt that she must have help somewhere. The discovery of her father had overturned all her expectations and ideas of life. That Christ who had been offered to and refused by the father was accepted by the daughter. She cried to the Lord in her trouble and He came to her help. With all the strength of her nature Hannah took hold of the Saviour who had been offered to her. She could not

have endured the finding of her earthly parent, had she not also found a heavenly helper.

But the earthly father's needs pressed on her. It was full day. She set about preparing breakfast, and then put a meal into a tin box, and carried it up to the attic. Her father looked much more wan and shattered than she had observed the night before. His hand trembled.

"I need some brandy in my coffee," he whispered.

Hannah did not answer. She laid out the breakfast.

"I am very faint; get me a little wine, my girl," he said.

Hannah shook her head.

"As a medicine, a tonic; I need strengthening."

"Not in that way," said Hannah firmly; "he who drinks, drinks at the peril of his soul," and so she went down-stairs.

CHAPTER IV.—HER RESTITUTION.

"Then I restored that which I took not away."

It was the night before the funeral, and Hannah had brought down her father for a last look at Margaret's face. There had been no watchers, and that night Hannah had asked that only Hillary should remain with her.

Henry Walden's wild emotions had broken out at the sight of his dead wife. Finally he asked amid his moans:

"Hannah, do you think this care and trouble with me, shortened her life?"

"No doubt, father," said Hannah slowly.

"And your mother, Rhoda,—do you know how she died?"

Hannah shook her head with a sinking heart.

"I know you will hate me! That too was all my fault! It was a strain she got. She was helping me up-stairs, and I—was—wrong—and nearly fell, and to save herself and me, she gave a strong motion, and it strained her; she died of it. My poor Rhoda, her last breath begged me to drink no more!"

"And you would not promise!" cried Hannah in horror.

"Oh, *I promised*, Hannah, yes; only, I didn't keep. That is always the trouble. Merciful powers!" he added rousing up, "I wish I had been brought up by *a man*. My mother spoiled me with her humoring, her woman's ways."

"Don't lay it to the women then, but to a *foolish* woman."

"Foolish enough," cried Henry Walden. "Was I ever taught to control my appetite? I could eat myself sick of anything I cried after. Pleasure came first, then duty; first play, then work. If I broke my promises I was always excused. If I took or spoiled other people's things, my mother or elder sisters made restitution—not I. My teachers were always the ones to blame. Oh, if my father had lived, or I had not been the one supposed-perfect boy, coming after four girls! When I think of it all, and

its consequences, I am furious. Just so when I wanted to be out evenings, and began to go to theatres and drank wine; I was allowed to do it. I was an easy, bidable lad. I would have yielded to firm sway, and I got only indulgence. Domestic comforts, other people's good, moral law, must all yield and bow to me."

Hannah put her hand over his mouth. "Stop," she said. "You will not blame your mother, even if she made mistakes."

"No," he said, yielding to tears again. "No, she meant well, but I have suffered from her folly. Ruined, ruined!"

"People are not ruined except by their own free will."

"You shall see me a better man, Hannah," said her father. "Here by this coffin I solemnly promise you I will be different. Two good women shall not have died for me in vain. I henceforth control myself. Kiss me, my girl, and trust me."

Hannah's heart leaped for joy. Was this the beginning of good things? Should she see her father reformed? She kissed him heartily. Then took his hand and led him away. He must return to his hiding.

As hand in hand Hannah and her father entered the hall, Hannah carrying a light, they suddenly confronted Hillary, with a candle, coming through the work-room. It was characteristic of Hannah, that while her father gave a low cry, she leaned forward, drew shut the door, and locked Hillary in, without a word. It was equally characteristic of Hillary, that when she was locked in, after this astonishing encounter with Hannah, roaming the house at midnight with a strange man, that she dropped into a chair, folded her hands in her lap, and sat waiting. She felt full confidence in Hannah, but—what was this? She bowed her head and cried: "Oh, dear Lord, help me to do my duty to Hannah!"

Then Hannah came back, and threw herself on her knees by her friend. Hillary had her crutch in one hand, and was leaning her head on the shoulder, as against a crook. Her pale, pure face shone down on Hannah in the faint light.

"Hillary," said Hannah, "help me and trust me!"

"Hannah," replied Hillary, "I hope you are doing right."

"I hope I am; I suppose I am, but I hardly know. I must tell you all—a few weeks sooner than I meant to."

Hillary shrank a little. She felt that there were some confidences better for a young maiden not to hear.

"Hillary, you saw him!"

"I saw you walking around the house, hand in hand with a young man."

"Not a young man; almost forty, and yet—he does look young; I was struck with it myself, Hillary; it is my father!"

"But your father is dead?"

"No; almost worse than dead, I am afraid; but you must hear, for I had relied on you to help me. And still, if he lives to repent,—then what compensation it will be!"

Morning found the two girls planning. Hannah had realized

that she could not go off to strange, distant places, with only such a man as her father. One friend, helper, companion, nurse in sickness, counsellor, she needed; and who was there but Hillary? When Hannah sold her house, and went away, losing herself for all who had known her from childhood, she would give rise to surmises and strictures. Had not her step-mother told her that a woman's good name was her strong tower? If she went with Hillary there would be less criticism. And Hillary could go; Hannah's little means could take three as well as two. Hillary had no family to refuse consent, or to desire to detain her from the loveless shelter that was not a home, where she was scarcely welcomed by worldly relatives; she could go whenever another way opened.

"We will go West," said Hannah. "No doubt when all is sold out, and the debt paid, I will have three thousand dollars left. We can go to some Western village, and you can keep the house, and father and I can keep a school; or we will have a farm, and father and I will manage it, and you can still be housekeeper; and perhaps I will write a book."

"And, Hannah, we can take poor little city boys one by one, and train them on the farm. Who knows how much good we may do. Perhaps God has a work for us out there!"

"All this, is if father truly reforms," said Hannah.

"But didn't he *promise?* Of course he will reform, and, Hannah, we will work for temperance, we will talk for it, and have temperance meetings, and pledges; and as all reformed men like to help reform others, your father will speak and work too. Oh, we will live for some real good!"

Thus planned two girls of eighteen and twenty, ignorant of that great factor in their future—Hannah's father.

But at that instant, had they seen Henry Walden's heart, they would have been yet more hopeful for him. The face of his dead wife had stirred all his emotions; it had evoked for him his past. Remorse gnawed him, and his easy nature writhed at its sting; resolutions of reform were the balm for these wounds, for the hour; he hated the cup that had poisoned his life. It was easy to cry: "I will never drink again!"

From his attic window he looked down on the funeral, a meagre little procession. First the old minister. Bowed by seventy years, white hair flowing over his shoulders, leaning on his cane, he followed Margaret Walden's coffin. Henry remembered him—his pastor from childhood. What lessons, what exhortations, what reproofs!

Twice Henry had stood before him to be married. This pastor too had buried Henry's first wife, Rhoda. In mourning, and in joy, a steadfast sympathizer; and the last words Walden had heard him speak were, as he took his hand one day when Walden had been drinking: "Henry, at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Words proved so woefully true.

Then Walden saw Hannah walking after the minister. Hannah, in black gown and bonnet, black veil over her face; her shoulders

held back, and head up as usual, with her firm step, stately as a young tree, came Hannah, looking like a girl whom nothing could crush. "She bears it well," said one neighbour. "It was only a step-mother," said another. And who guessed down deep in that reticent heart, the lonely moan divided between losing a mother, and finding a father!

Hillary was at the funeral, limping after Hannah. Shabby as ever, for her aunt said, "Cripples never look well, what is the use of dressing Hillary?" So the girl was as usual in flimsy black gown, and round black hat, and striped black and white shawl; but she had an Evangeline face, and the blessing of God that follows all the patient waiters.

Now after the funeral the case of these three was this: Hannah must yet wait two months before she could sell out her property in the house, and draw her little bank stock. She was closing up all her business affairs. Hillary had told her aunt she should hereafter live with Hannah, and soon leave the village with her, to go West. Hillary now shared Hannah's home and labours.

And Henry Walden believed himself a reformed man. His late sudden loss had shocked him into a hate of drink. Besides this, the full time of his periodic reaction in favour of drinking had not come, and there was also over him the salutary influence of the assurance that on the liquor question Hannah was rock. He had extorted liquor from his wife, by threatening to take his own life, or expose himself to the public; but he knew that threats like these would fall back on themselves, when dashed against the adamant of Hannah's principles. Taking to himself the full credit of his fancied reform, Henry Walden bloomed and was paternal. He received Hillary on Hannah's representations, and Hannah, less timid than her step-mother, would put down the curtains, close the shutters, and bring her captive parent to sit the evening with Hillary and herself.

"My dear daughter,—daugh*ters* I should say," Henry would begin,—"for I am sure Hillary deserves that I should receive her into my affections as my own child,—we go out to begin a new life. We will all find our work to do: we shall be honoured and happy. The West is wide—room for all. You, Hannah, with your genius, you, Hillary, with your lovely thoughtfulness, and I, according to my poor powers, will all make our way. You two girls going out with me, reminds me of that lovely story of Ruth and Orpah going out with Naomi. We have no Orpah to turn back."

And tears came into Hillary's eyes, she was so unused to the language of parental affection, and she forgot that Henry Walden was really a criminal hiding from justice,—he so entirely forgot it himself! As the time drew near when they could depart, Henry Walden became restless as a child; his imprisonment weighed more than ever on him. Visions of freedom filled him, and among them, visions of returning among men in his old haunts; the saloon, the bar-room, lights, ornaments, jests, billiards, he would enjoy all these *in moderation.* He nursed these

cravings and expectations unknown to Hannah. But even her inexperienced eye noted the cravings, and saw the return of the master appetite. She kept him more closely imprisoned, and he began to beg for stimulant.

"Only this once, Hannah; I am really sick; just a glass or two of brandy. I'll never ask again, but this excitement is wearing on me. Hereafter air and exercise will take the place. A small amount. It is always in the house."

"Not now," said Hannah; "I threw it all out. To give it to you, father, would be against my principles."

"Could you be so inhuman as to see me suffer and die, for the want of it?" demanded her father.

"You would not. But after all, would it not be better for you to suffer than for me to sin?"

"How hard you are, girl! Evidently you do not love me."

"Remember," said Hannah, "if there *is* lack of love on my part, it is because for these nine years, by grace of liquor, I have had no father. You ask me to commit the same weakness as my grandmother, for which weakness you so blame her."

"And suppose, driven desperate for drink, I break from this miserable attic, or reveal my existence to people?"

"How should I be responsible for that, father? It might be for the best. Sometimes I wonder if this concealment has been wise or right. If there is a sin against law, it seems to me there is a penalty due to law. Disgrace is not in the punishment, but in the wrong-doing. It seems to me that to renew the drunkenness, which is the root of your sin, is more wicked and more disgraceful than to be under punishment for the crime you committed while drunk."

"But see here, Hannah, drinking is no offence against the law. There is no statute against drunkenness. When the man who is drunk gets disorderly he is arrested, not for the drinking, but for the disorder. There is no statute of limitations for crime, unless you mean to legalize crime. Liquor-selling has its statutes of limitations,—Sunday laws, selling to minors. I know the whole list, but there is no law against a man making himself drunk; you oppose me in a perfectly legal act."

"This arrangement about liquor-selling," said Hannah, "seems to me just about as reasonable as to quarantine people who have small-pox, cholera, plague, and yellow-fever, and yet distribute the contagion of these diseases freely by infected garments and putrid corpses, and in all manner of ways."

"Don't dodge facts, and get into similes," said her father. "I have shown you that my drinking don't transgress the human law. I propose to show you it don't transgress the moral law. Drinking is not a sin *per se;* it is evil only in its effects. If it had no harmful effect on me, there is no reason why I should be debarred drinking. There is no commandment in the Decalogue, thou shalt not drink."

"But there are ten commandments in the Decalogue which we are bound to keep, and liquor-drinking leads to the violation of

every one of these commands. Have you not shown that you love liquor better than anything else?—if you have been ready to sin for it, or trample on your neighbour's rights for it, then you have loved it better than God or your neighbour. Have you not loved it better than anything?"

"Yes! I have! I have! I do now!" cried Henry Walden, with a wolfish, thirsty, smacking of his beautifully moulded lips.

"Then it has made you break the first and second commandments. As for the third, do not all drunkards swear? And have you never broken the Sabbath, or grieved your parents for its sake? Look along the line, father. Is there one of the ten that you have not broken for this love of strong drink? To strike a box with a hammer is no sin *per se,* but if you strike a box of nitro-glycerine that you know will explode at the blow and destroy fifty lives, you are a murderer. Human legislations are all wrong about this drinking. The government that takes revenue from the sale of strong drink is a monstrous government, devouring its own children. Nothing is more contradictory than to legislate to prevent crime and foster virtue, and yet let the cause of nine-tenths of the crime, the corrupter of virtue, be licensed to nurture vice and destroy morals."

Hannah's face was flushed, and her voice high and clear. She picked up her lamp and looked her father in the eye.

"Never, never, under any plea, can I give you strong drink. Now shall I go out and fasten this door, or are you resolved to go out and secure the drink for yourself?"

Henry Walden for reply flung himself on the bed. Hannah went out, and once more left him a prisoner.

The next day her father took quite another method. Passing over the hour of his thirst had stilled for a little time his appetite, and brought him into a more reasonable frame of mind. Hannah's steady resolution acted as a tonic to his wavering mind. He met her eagerly.

"My daughter, you have saved me! I began my talk with you chiefly because I wanted to hear what you had to say. Your arguments, and your withholding wine or brandy, have convinced me. Fear no more. I am safe."

In fact he said no more about having liquor; he listened when Hannah and Hillary talked of its evil effects; he assented to their reasoning; he told them many tales of ruin he had known as caused by drink. He said:

"When we go West and start our temperance meetings, I will tell these stories in public. Believe me, they will do great good."

That plan of going West—of leaving his imprisonment, and entering another kind of life—took to him for a time the place of liquor in keeping him excited and buoyant. He had been a man of business ability. He showed that now—telling Hannah exactly what to do, and people wondered, and said,—"what a shrewd business girl Hannah was," and "where did she learn it all?" Hannah began to lean on her father. As neither of the girls had ever left their native place, they saw the coming

journey vast as Pilgrim's journey from the City of Destruction. But Henry Walden had travelled in his younger days, having been West and South, and the care with which he laid plans, and prospectively disposed of the terrors of the trip, charmed the damsels. It has been observed that the insane, deprived of guiding reason, seem often to supply its place with cunning. Something of this characteristic of insanity appeared in Henry Walden. He had sacrificed his will-power to drinking. It has been long understood that both alcoholic stimulants and tobacco have a singular effect in paralyzing *will-power*. He who indulges in these resigns or enfeebles the manliest part of his nature; and often as the greater power diminishes, something lower, as craft or cunning, comes in its stead. Henry Walden really feared open combat with his daughter over the liquor question. He saw she could not yield; he decided then to humour her, to obtain confidence, and then be in a position to secure his own ends.

Not that he intended to do her any injury. He told himself that the barest taste of strong drink would still his craving. At intervals, when thirst was upon him, he could drink quietly without her knowledge and harm nobody. He had not strength of mind enough left to reason that as he never had been able to restrain his taste to what he called moderation, he probably never would, and that as madness and gambling had always followed his drinking, so they would always follow. However, for the present the quiet conduct, affectionate and hopeful disposition, and practical knowledge of her father, greatly comforted Hannah, and she forgot her fears for him. As soon as she had declared her intention of selling all she possessed, and going West with Hillary, a storm of surprise and condemnation from all her acquaintances greeted her plan. People who had merely been customers and business acquaintances of her step-mother came to see, question, and dissuade her; the trustee of her little property, a gentleman who had never paid any heed to her, came and spoke against her course in the strongest terms. Every one considered her a "headstrong, bold, untractable girl, to run off from early home and friends," to make a way for herself, "like a boy."

The worst of it was, that the dear old minister came and talked in such a fatherly, tender way, and begged her to bide where she was, and he would always be her friend, and asked her how she could leave the graves of her mother *and father?* How she longed to tell him the truth! But aside from her fears, and her promise to her step-mother, her father had exacted another promise that she would make a confidant of no one. Hannah could only assure her pastor that if he knew all her reasons he would justify her, and that her course was one marked out for her by her step-mother. Henry Walden in his selfishness never thought of the hard and dangerous position in which he placed his young daughter, asking her to run counter in unexplained ways to the judgment of all her friends.

Another trouble Hannah had with her father. He proposed

that instead of paying the remainder of his debt to Mr. Clinton, they should wait until they made the fortune which they were sure to make in the West immediately.

"There are thousands of ways to make money there," he said; "fortunate speculations turn to-day's beggars into to-morrow's millionaires."

"There are four thousand dollars due Mr. Clinton," said Hannah.

"I have my step-mother's books and papers. Aside from the fact that I promised her I would pay it, do you really think I could go away and leave such a debt *as that* behind me?"

"Oh, I mean to pay it, certainly—though Clinton has had his interest, and six good thousand, and if he had had his money from the beginning, he might have lost it by this time. I want you to understand I never took Clinton's cash to keep, only to speculate with a little. I was unlucky."

"I don't believe in speculation," said Hannah, angrily. "It ruins some people by loss, and others by success. I would rather be poor than live on money earned by speculating or gambling, or liquor making or selling."

"My whole genius," said her father, "lies in getting quick turns of fortune. I know I was born to be lucky, somehow. If I had in my hands all the six thousand odd you will get out of this, we'd be John Jacob Astors in no time."

"Mr. Clinton gets four thousand," said Hannah coldly.

"And the other two, my dear girl, I will take to make your fortune with. A lucky stake or two"—his eyes glowed.

"I shouldn't give it to you, father," said Hannah, "to use in a way I did not believe *right*. I would not touch money that was the price of blood and tears. If you find a good way to use the money, I shall be glad to have you."

"A good hotel stand—or, say, two or three racing horses——"

"Not a bit of it!" cried Hannah. "Hotels have bars, and horse-racing is sinful. We'll go to school-keeping or farming!"

Her father shrugged his shoulders. "You'll be a confoundedly uncomfortable girl to live with, daughter, I'm afraid."

The home was sold—and Hannah's money, her two thousand and the price of the furnished house, all lay in Mr. Clinton's bank, the very one her father had robbed. Mr. Clinton knew that Hannah was going away, and he was reflecting that "by his rascally, drunken, drowned, defaulting cashier" he was out four thousand dollars. Just then the office boy piped, "Lady, sir!" and Hannah stood before the vexed old man. Most old men will soften at sight of an undeniably fine girl. Hannah's great brown eyes, and the faint flush over her softly curved cheek, secured her a half-gracious—"Henry Walden's daughter, eh?"—and the malediction on Henry remained deep in Mr. Clinton's breast. Hannah rejected the proffered chair, and stood by the table. In virtue of her father, she felt that she stood there a culprit. She slowly laid on the table a written paper and a signed cheque. "I have come," she said, "to pay the remainder of—the debt—my step-mother promised to pay."

Mr. Clinton straightened himself in his chair, and pointed a wrinkled finger at the cheque. "Where did you get that?"

"From the sale of my house."

"You are not obliged to assume any of your step-mother's pledges. You are not bound to pay me that money."

"In honour, yes, I must do what I can to clear our name."

"She told you all?"

"All," said Hannah, flushing crimson.

"Ah!—I was—sorry for your father—an easy, pleasant fellow, handsome and spoiled. You are different metal. Is that *all* the money you have, Hannah?"

"I have over two thousand more."

"You cannot live on that," said the old banker.

"I can live on the labour of my head and hands."

"But you will need that for a dowry."

"I am not thinking of marriage. When I do, I shall be in myself dowry enough," said Hannah quite stately.

"By George! You will. If I had a son the right age, I'd like nothing better than to see you sign yourself Mrs. Clinton. You are a girl worth getting—in spite of your father."

Poor Hannah! At that word and tone, she apprehended for the first time the true solidarity of the family, and how she was involved in her father's sin. Who married her would not merely take to wife one Hannah Walden, a strong woman, but get Henry Walden, a very weak man, for a drunken, gambling, plundering father-in-law! A flood of crimson rose over neck and brow; she took up the receipt Mr. Clinton had signed and hurried from the room. Did she hate and scorn her father for the lot she shared in him? No! She only felt like hastening to him; loving him all the more. She pitied him for his very sins. Coming just at this time, this was a dangerous reaction in favour of her father. She believed in and yielded to him the more, as instinctively antagonizing the world that condemned him. Until now, she had clung to her native place and her old associations; now she longed to fly from all, and forever divide her future from her past.

The departure was easily arranged; Hillary bought two tickets and checked two trunks. She went by the evening train to Albany. One of the tickets and trunks she had given to Henry Walden, who with his face well covered stepped in the darkness on the midnight train, and was met at Albany by Hillary. Hannah set off alone in the morning train at six, and joined her companions. The three large trunks of the travellers carried their all. their small wardrobes, and the books, bedding, table-linen, and various little possessions of Hannah. And thus Hannah left her home, exiled by the power of rum, and for another's sin.

JOHN WESLEY'S ORDINATIONS.

BY E. S. ORR.

JOHN WESLEY'S sermon on the Christian ministry is a very singular production. The text is Hebrews v. 4. : "No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God, as *was* Aaron." The text has nothing to do with the Christian ministry at all. The sermon is not an exposition of the text, nor does it at all answer to the title given it. One would expect to find something about the authority, duties, responsibilities and rewards of the Christian minister; but here is nothing of the kind. It is a special plea for the existence of his own preachers, who were indeed "a new phenomenon in the earth," such a body of men as never before existed in the history of Christianity. The attempt to show that the work of preaching the Gospel, and the work of administering its ordinances, are separate and distinct, is only an argument in justification of his own proceedings. I lately had an interesting conversation with a Roman Catholic clergyman, to whom I put the question, "Is there in the Roman Catholic Church an order of men who have the right to preach without being priests?" His answer was distinctly to the effect that lay preachers are entirely unknown in that Church. Presbyterian licentiates aspire to the ministry, and usually enter it. An Anglican preacher, preaching all his life as a layman, would be a *rara avis* indeed. A body of hundreds of men, devoted from youth to old age to the work of preaching, without ever administering ordinances, never before had any existence in the world.

Henry Moore modestly and firmly corrected the mistake into which Wesley had fallen, in making his special plea, "I cannot prove (says Wesley) from any part of the New Testament, or from any author of the first three centuries, that the office of an evangelist gave any man the right to act as a pastor or bishop." Moore had not heard the sermon preached, but was with Mr. Wesley when he published it in the *Arminian Magazine*. He says: "I observed, sir, you knew that the evangelists Timothy and Titus were ordered by the apostle to ordain bishops in every place, and surely they could not impart to them an authority which they did not themselves possess." Moore was right, and to this Wesley made no reply; the blunder had gone forth in the printed pages of the *Magazine*, and was never corrected. In 1754 Wesley had written in his Notes on the New Testament: "He (Timothy) was therefore properly, as was Titus, an itinerant evangelist; a kind of secondary apostle, whose office was to regulate all things in the churches to which he was sent." And in his notes on 1 Timothy v. 25, he says: "Lay hands suddenly on no man; that is, appoint no man to Church offices without full trial and examination." Titus had authority to ordain elders in every city. (Titus i. 5.) Eusebius says: "Now the work of an evangelist was this, to lay the foundation of churches in barbarous nations, to *constitute their pastors*, and having committed to them the cultivation of these new plantations, they passed on to other countries." See Scott's Commentary *re* Titus.

This sermon is the *Cheval de bataille* of our Episcopalian friends, who declare that Wesley never ordained, or pretended to ordain, anyone to the

Christian ministry. They are especially stirred up when such evidence as that of Henry Moore's ordination parchment is presented to them. One of these, whom I saw ordained to the Methodist ministry at Quebec in 1863, does not hesitate to charge Moore with forgery, and uses the elegant term "bogus" in reference to the parchment. Another of these gentlemen, writing to me, says: "I send you a copy of sermon preached before Conference at Cork, May 4th, 1789, subsequently before Conference in England, published still later, ten months before his death, in the *Arminian Magazine.* Mr. Wesley positively states before the whole Conference, including Mr. Moore, and publishes to the world, 'We received them not to administer the sacraments—to exercise the priestly office. Such a design never entered into our mind. For supposing, what I utterly deny, that the receiving you as a preacher *at the same time* (italics mine) gave you an authority to administer the sacraments. . . . Where did I appoint you to do this? Nowhere at all.'"

Now this sermon was not preached before the Conference at Cork in May, 1789, nor was it subsequently preached before the English Conference. The Irish Conference of 1789 was held in July, at Dublin. See Journal, July 3rd, 1789. The "subsequent" Conference in England was held in the end of July and beginning of August, 1789, and the sermon to the preachers was from the text: "If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." See Journal, August 2nd, 1789. Before the Conference of 1791 was held Wesley was dead. Dr. Whitehead speaks of the sermon as one which he (Wesley) *sometimes* preached at the Conference before the preachers there assembled. (Whitehead's Wesley, Canadian edition, page 567.) As Whitehead was for some years a travelling preacher, he had perhaps heard the sermon more than once. *When* the sermon was last preached I have no means of knowing, but I am confident that no one can show that it was preached anywhere after 1784.

When at Cork, May 4th, 1789, Mr. Wesley's attention was called to troubles among the Cork Methodists about separation from the Church. He preached morning and evening on that day. (See Journal.) The text of the evening sermon is given, but not that of the morning. It is absurd to suppose that the sermon was preachad to a five o'clock morning congregation, when the only preachers present would be James Rogers and Thomas Roberts, then stationed at Cork. (See Minutes, 1788.) The fact seems to be that Mr. Wesley employed his time during the day, May 4th, 1789, in writing out for the first time, or reviewing, if he had before written it, the sermon which he had "sometimes preached before Conference," as he had before preached it. It is true he adds something pertaining to later times, hence the strange jumbling of dates. He says: "As few clergymen open their churches to me, I am under *the necessity of preaching* abroad." This was not true of 1789, for his brother Charles writes shortly before his death, "The churches are all open to you." He says, speaking of a period of upwards of fifty years, "I have been true to my profession from 1730 to this day;" but from 1730 to 1789 is nearly sixty years. He addresses some who were Methodist preachers "fifty years ago;" but in 1789 there was no man living who had been a Methodist preacher fifty years but John Wesley himself. But who ever said that the receiving his preachers *as preachers, at the same time* gave them authority to administer

the sacraments? Certainly not the present writer. Of course it did not. Henry Moore was admitted on trial in 1779, admitted into full connection in 1782, and ordained a presbyter February 27th, 1789. Ten years after he was "received" as a preacher, and seven years after he was admitted into full connection. The two things were entirely distinct. Charles Atmore was received on trial in 1781, into full connection in 1784, and ordained an elder July 29th, 1786. The dates in the cases of Whatcoat, Vasey and others are equally well known.

I have in my possession a curiosity—a *fac simile* of the ordination parchment given by Wesley to Henry Moore. It reads as follows:

"Know all men, by these presents, that I, John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College, in Oxford, Presbyter of the Church of England, did, on the day of the date hereof, by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by other ordained ministers), set apart Henry Moore for the office of a Presbyter in the Church of God, a man whom I judge qualified to feed the flock of Christ, and to administer the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper according to the usage of the Church of England, and as such I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-seventh day of February, in the year of our Lord 1789.

"Present and assisting, the Rev. James Creighton and the Rev. Peard Dickenson, Presbyters of the Church of England.

"JOHN WESLEY, L.S."

I obtained this from the well-known Methodist historian, George John Stevenson, M.A., of London, England, the executor of Henry Moore's will, and the editor of his life, who had the original in his possession.

In the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for July, 1867, page 624, the following is found:

"To all to whom these presents shall come, John Wesley, M.A., late Fellow of Lincoln College, sendeth greeting. Whereas it hath been represented to me that many of the people called Methodists under my care in North Britain, stand in need at present of proper persons to administer the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper among them. I therefore do hereby make known unto all men that I did, on the twenty-ninth day of July last, solemnly set apart for the office of an Elder in the Church of God, by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted herein by other ordained ministers), and with a single eye to the glory of God, Charles Atmore, whom I judge to be a proper person to administer the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper. And I do recommend him as such to all whom it may concern. In testimony whereof I have hereunto put my hand and seal, the first day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-six.

"JOHN (seal) WESLEY."

In reference to this, Atmore says in his Journal, Friday, July 28 (1786): "This morning I and Josh. Keighly, together with three more, were ordained deacons of the Church of God, and on Saturday morning were made elders of the Church by the imposition of the hands of the Rev. Messrs. Wesley, Coke, Creighton and Pawson. May we make full proof of our ministry, and adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. Amen." On the 13th of August, 1786, about a fortnight after his ordination by Wesley,

Atmore and Pawson had Church service in the chapel at Thorner, near Leeds, in England, and administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to about two hundred communicants. Thorner was Pawson's birthplace. It was at this juncture that Charles Wesley addressed the following letter to his brother :

"BRISTOL, July 27th, 1786.

"To MR. J. W.

"*Dear Brother,*—I cannot rest, living or dying, unless I deal as faithfully with you as I am persuaded you would deal with me, if you was in my place, and I in yours. I believe you have been too hasty in ordaining. I believe God left you to yourself in that matter, as He left Hezekiah, to show you the secret pride which was in your heart. I believe L. Mansfield's decisive words to me, '*Ordination is Separation.*' Thus I have discharged my duty to God and His Church, and approved myself your faithful friend and Affectionate Brother,

"C. W.

"Stop here, *ordain no more ;* but follow your own advice to Mr. H. Spread this letter before the Lord, and He will give you light and strength."

Many objections have been raised to the evidence we have of Wesley's ordination of Moore. No place is mentioned, but it evidently took place in London, as all the parties to the transaction were there at the time. Creighton, Dickenson and Moore were stationed in London. (See Minutes of 1788.) Two days after, on the first of March, Wesley set out from London, in the evening, with three brethren. A prediction had been made that he would not outlive that month. (See Journal.) The fact of Moore's ordination has been disputed because other writers give a different date. Many important events might be disproved by the same objection—even the birth of Christ.

It has been said that Wesley never intended to ordain ; that he only made special appointments for special cases. It is true he did not look on his ordinations as canonical. He well knew that in making them he did "violate the established order of the national Church," but he regarded himself as a Scriptural *episcopas*, as much as any man in England. (See Canon Overton's Life of Wesley, page 203.) His authority he believed to be equal to an Archbishop—as there was then, as now, such a man in England—and it was enough for him that his acts were in harmony with "the Scriptures and the primitive Church." It has been said that Wesley does not use the word "ordain," but appoints and sets apart. But what is an ordination but an appointment or a setting apart ? Those who believe in the sacrament of "orders" may raise such an objection. Wesley used the word appoint as a synonym for ordain. (See his note on 1 Timothy v. 25, and see Southey's Life of Wesley, chap. xvi, page 300.) But Wesley's estimate of his own acts can best be formed from his own words. In the Minutes of Conference for 1785 he gives the names of twenty American preachers as elders, and says in a footnote : "If any one is minded to dispute concerning diocesan episcopacy, he may dispute ; but I have better work. I advise," said he, "to administer the Supper of the Lord on every Lord's day." In the service book which he abbreviated from the Church of England service, he gives a form for ordaining deacons, elders and superintendents, using the same forms and words as are used by the Church of England, in the ordination of the three grades of the ministry, and this is the form still in use among American Methodists.

But that Wesley looked on American Methodism as a Scriptural organization, and its ministry as duly ordained, is proved by his letter to Mr. Stretton, of Newfoundland, February 25th, 1785 (Works, vol. 13, page 130), in which he says: "Last autumn Dr. Coke sailed from England, and is now visiting the flock in the midland provinces of America, and settling them on the New Testament plan, to which they all willingly and joyfully conform, being all united as by one spirit, so in one body. I trust they will no more want such pastors as are after God's own heart. . . . Your preacher will be ORDAINED (capitals mine). Go on in the name of the Lord and in the power of His might! You shall want no assistance that is in the power of your affectionate friend and brother, John Wesley." Stretton had evidently written Mr. Wesley asking for an ordained preacher. Wesley promises he shall have one, as being assistance that he had power to give. At the very next Conference Hammeth was ordained and sent to Newfoundland.

In his letter to Garretson, in which Cromwell is also mentioned, written four months later, June 16th, 1785, he says: "I do not expect any great matters from the Bishop (Seabury was then the only Anglican bishop in America). I doubt his eye is not single, and if it be not, he will do little good to you or anyone else. It may be a comfort to you to know that you have no need of him. *You want nothing which he can give* (italics mine).

What could the Bishop give them, unless it was Episcopal ordination? and this Wesley tells them in effect they did not want, having been already scripturally ordained. But if Wesley believed himself a true *episcopas*, why did he say, "Men may call me a knave or a fool, a rascal or a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me bishop!" And why did he blame Coke for suffering himself to be called bishop? Moore gives us the reason: "But the association in his mind between the assumed title and the display connected with it in the later ages of the Church was too strong. He could not at that moment separate the plain laborious bishops of the American societies from the dignified prelates of the mighty empire of Great Britain." (Moore's Life of Wesley, vol. 2, page 203.) As Canadian Methodists, we are content with our ecclesiastical orders, believing as we do with John Wesley, "the uninterrupted succession to be a fable which no man can prove."

When attending the Œcumenical Conference in Washington, Rev. T. G. Williams, D.D., of Montreal, obtained a copy of the following certificate:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, John Wesley, M.A., late of Lincoln College, Oxford, did on the fourth day of August, in the year of our Lord 1787 (being assisted by other ordained ministers), set apart for the office of an Elder in the Church of God, by the imposition of my hands and prayer, and with an eye single to the glory of God, John Harper, whom I esteem a fit person to administer the Holy Sacraments and to feed the flock of Christ, and as such I recommend him to all whom it may concern. Given under my hand and seal the fifth day of August, 1787.

"Signed, JOHN WESLEY."

"The original, of which this is a correct copy, is in the library of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S.C. It was given to the South Carolina Conference by Mrs. Wm. Harper, widow of Chancellor Harper, of South Carolina, son of Rev. John Harper.

"Signed, JAS. H. CARLISLE,
President Wofford College."

WASHINGTON, D.C., October 9th, 1891.

From the Minutes I learn that Mr. Harper was received on trial in 1786, and stationed at Clones, Ireland. At the Conference of 1787, at Manchester, he was ordained and sent by Mr. Wesley to St. Eustatius, "under the Government of Holland." In 1788 his name appears with five others as elders in the "British Dominions in America," his station being Antigua. In 1789 the names of preachers in America do not appear, but in 1790 he is still at Antigua; in 1791 at Tortola, with a preacher from the Continent; in 1792 at Tortola again; in 1793 at St. Christophers; in 1794 at Tortola; in 1795 a note in the Minutes mentions his removal, with two others, to the continent of America, where his family appears to have risen to distinction. Myles gives 1799 as the date of his retirement from the itinerancy.

COOKSHIRE, QUE.

ROUGH PLACES MADE SMOOTH.

BY IDA H. WILSON.

"The rough ways shall be made smooth".—Luke iii. 5.

THOU art walking, tired and weary,
O'er a road so long and dreary
That the way seems never ending, rough and steep;
And thy feet all sore and bleeding
Stagger on, while mutely pleading
Is the prayerful lifting of thine eyes which weep.

Oh! how deep the sand, and burning,
Of this road which has no turning
And no backward steps to paths which once were plain;
Tho' thou dread'st the sun's fierce beating,
There's no shade for thy retreating
From the scorching sunbeams or the drenching rain.

Do look upward through thy weeping,
To the One who now is keeping
Loving watch o'er all thy wanderings sad and lone;
And thy hand in His He holdeth,
While His loving arm enfoldeth
To His heart, the weary one He calls His own.

Now the road seems rough no longer,
And the weary limbs grow stronger,
For He gives thee health and strength from day to day;
And where briars grew are flowers,
Blooming sweet through gentle showers;
Thus He maketh smooth rough places by the way.

OTTAWA, Ont.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, THE ABOLITIONIST.*

In the broad Commonwealth Avenue of Boston, one of the stateliest streets in the world, stands a noble bronze monument of the arch-abolitionist, once hooted and hounded through the streets of that city. William Lloyd Garrison has an incidental connection with Canada. His parents and grand-parents were born on the river St. John, New Brunswick, and in a spring freshet, Mary Garrison, his grandmother, with her infant son, the father of William Lloyd, was swept down the river on a cake of ice. The woman threw the babe into a snowbank on the shore, and, by the aid of an overhanging willow, followed him, and wandered in the woods for hours, till she found shelter in the wigwam of a friendly Indian.

The boy thus saved had the good fortune to win the love of Fanny Floyd, a noble girl, who, for conscience sake, before her marriage, joined the despised and persecuted Baptists, notwithstanding her parents' threat that if she did so they would turn her out of doors. She was baptized, and her parents made good their threat. She was a fit woman to be the mother of the liberator of a race. Her husband was unworthy of such a wife. He became addicted to drink, removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts, where the subject of this memoir was born, and, after a succession of sailing voyages, deserted his heroic wife.

Bitter days followed for Fanny Floyd Garrison. During the industrial crisis of the war in 1812, she kept the wolf from the door by menial labour. The little lad, William, was apprenticed to the craft of St. Crispin. By the time he was nine years old, "not much bigger than a last," was able to produce a real shoe, and soon was working with his mother in a shoe factory. In his eleventh year he received his only schooling—for four months. At the age of thirteen he found his vocation in entering a printing office, where his true education began. At sixteen he made his first contribution to the press, which was to be the weapon with which he was to fight throughout his life that "sum of all villainies," American slavery. One day he received a vigorous anti-slavery poem, and found it was written by a Quaker lad named Whittier, who was working on a shoemaker's bench at Haverhill. A life friendship thus sprang up between these two "soldiers of God" in the great battle for human freedom.

Lloyd Garrison's first crusade was against the drink traffic, which was eating out the heart of Puritan New England. Amid the hard struggle for bread he "heard the abysmal voices and saw the gaunt forms of misery." Soon after he made the acquaintance of Benjamin Lundy, a poor saddler, who left his business and wedded himself to poverty and persecution to succour the slave. "I heard the wail of the captive," he writes; "I felt the pang of distress, and the iron entered my soul." Weak and frail in body, he travelled through nineteen states, sowing the seeds of his holy purpose, and watering them with his life-blood. In a few months he travelled nineteen hundred miles on foot in his self-sacrificing toil. Thus does God choose the "weak things of this world to confound the mighty. The knightly soul of a Sydney animated that frail body.

"As this nineteenth century prophet mused upon the heartfelt cries of slavery, the force of a life-purpose burned within him." Garrison threw himself into the strife, and became, with Lundy and Whittier, an intense "abolitionist"—a name of detestation and abhorrence to the respectability of Puritan New England. Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of Amer-

* *William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist.* By ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE, M.A. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls. Price $1.50. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

ican liberty," became the scene of a crowded mass meeting "to abolish the abolitionists." Elijah P. Loveloy, a Presbyterian minister and abolitionist editor, for his denunciation of slavery, thrice had his press destroyed, and at last was murdered on his own threshold. Soon William Channing, George Thompson, the English orator, and Wendell Phillips rallied to the side of the oppressed. Nor was gentle woman's help wanting in this holy war. Lucretia Mott, Esther Moore (a friend), and Abbey Kelly threw the strength of their weakness on the side of God and of humanity.

Then followed a Walpurgis Night of lawless outbursts against the abolitionists. A gallows for two—Garrison and Thompson—was erected in Boston. Pennsylvania Hall, in Philadelphia, was burned by the mob. A similar mob hounded Phillips through the streets of Boston. But the sons of darkness might as well fight against the dawn of day as against the progress of the anti-slavery reform.

Not satisfied with rousing one continent, this noble fanatic four times crossed the sea to win the sympathy of Great Britain for the slave. Garrison was the worst hated man in America. "Not knowing the things that should befall me," he wrote to his wife, "saving that bonds and affliction abide with me in every city," he persevered in his holy crusade.

Two ex-slaves, Frederick Douglas and the Rev. S. R. Ward, whom Wendell Phillips described as "so black that when he shut his eyes you couldn't see him," joined the crusade. Daniel Webster, the "lost leader," forsook the cause of liberty. With the spirit of a Luther, on the fourth of July, in 1854, at Framingham, Mass., Lloyd Garrison publicly burned a copy of the Fugitive Slave Law, and of the United States Constitution, which he branded as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," exclaiming, "So perish all compromises with tyranny, and let all the people say, 'Amen!'"

Soon followed the Free Soil War in "bleeding Texas," John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry—the dreadful nemesis of the civil war—and the Declaration of Emancipation.

The Quaker poet, Whittier, in devout thanksgiving exclaimed:

"Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

"Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With the sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!"

Garrison's work was done; the *Liberator* ceased publication, the Anti-Slavery Society was dissolved. The brave man, almost the sole survivor of his comrades in the war, wifeless, worn with toil and travail, in his seventy-third year entered into rest. True to his grand motto, "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind," he espoused the cause of the persecuted Chinese, and advocated free trade with all the world.

In a wooden house, next door to that in which George Whitfield died, and near the church where the great apostle's bones yet lie, lived and laboured this friend of the slave and the oppressed. His noblest eulogy was uttered by his friend, James Russell Lowell:

"In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured and mean—
Yet there the freedom of a race began. . . .

"O truth! O freedom! How are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the New Day burst!"

Garrison has been accused of athe-

ism and hostility to the Church. He denounces, it is true, as our Lord denounced the Pharisees, the hireling priests, "dumb dogs that would not bark," and men who devoured widows' houses and made merchandize of the bodies and the souls of men; but this is his confession of faith: "I believe in an indwelling Christ, and in His righteousness alone; I glory in nothing here below, save in Christ and in Him crucified; I believe all the works of the devil are to be destroyed, and our Lord is to reign from sea to sea, even to the ends of the earth; and I profess to have passed from death unto life, and know by happy experience that there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

Current Topics and Events.

The Dead Prince.

Like a bolt out of the blue sky has come the startling tidings of the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. But yesterday the world was congratulating him on his betrothal and approaching marriage to one of the fairest of England's daughters. To-day the empire is plunged into grief at his untimely death. Born in the purple, heir-presumptive to the proudest throne on earth—in anticipation father of a line of kings, to-day he lies among his buried ancestors. "What shadows are we, and what shadows we pursue." Let us hope that this young prince has gone to inherit a nobler crown and kingdom than any earth can give.

The deepest sympathy of every loyal heart will be with the noble woman, the mother of the dead prince, and his father, whose high hopes are thus dashed to the ground; with the widowed Queen, whose heart has so often been smitten with sorrow, and especially with the fair girl, weeping in her palace home, whose cup of happiness is snatched from her lips.

"With equal hand," says the Roman poet, "death knocks at the palace of kings and the cottage of the peasant." But the death of an heir to the throne is a nation's loss, and awakens a sorrow as of one dead in almost every house.

The death of Prince Leopold, of the Princess Alice, of the Prince Consort, deeply touched the nation's heart; but not since the sudden taking off of the nation's idol, the young and lovely Princess Charlotte, has there been such a combination of romantic and pathetic circumstances as that attending the death of the Duke of Clarence.

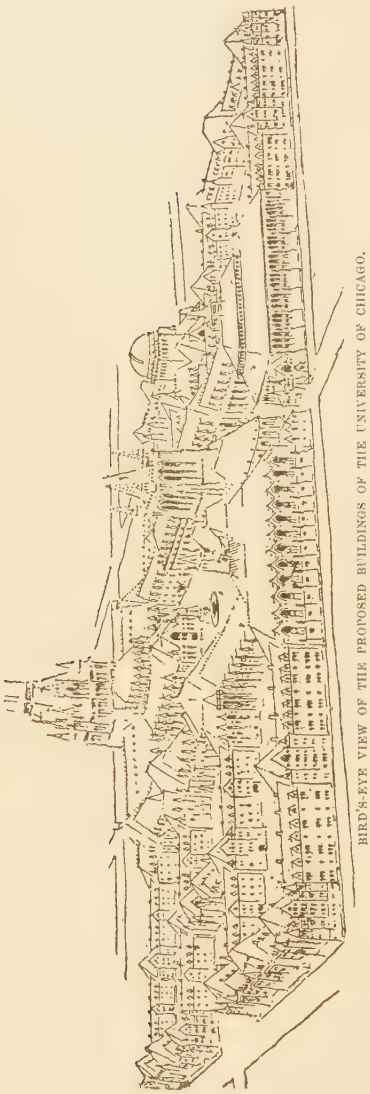
The time was when the death of the heir presumptive to England's throne would shake the Commonwealth. But the failure of this life affects not the succession. The throne, broad based upon a people's love and loyalty, is stable as any upon earth. Only when we recall the dreadful wars of a disputed succession do we realize the untold blessing of the peaceful descent from sovereign to sovereign for two hundred years of England's crown.

The lesson of this sudden death should come home to every heart: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

The University of Chicago.

The University of Chicago is about to become a concrete reality. Plans are being matured for the buildings shown in our cut. They will be ready for use October 1, 1892, the time appointed for the opening of the University. Part of the site is the gift of Marshall Field; part has been purchased by the University corporation at a cost of $282,500.

In all, the grounds comprise twenty-four acres. Besides the two subscriptions of J. D. Rockefeller, which foot up the noble sum of



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE PROPOSED BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

$1,600,000, and the $600,000 raised by general subscription, the University has had a windfall from the estate of the late W. B. Ogden, this legacy will not be less than $300,000, and may mount up to over half a million dollars.

In order to keep in close relation with the people, the University will make the development of the University Extension System a leading feature of its work. By regular courses of lectures delivered in and about Chicago; by evening courses on college and university subjects; by correspondence courses; by special courses in the scientific study of the Bible and its original languages; by the Library Extension and Publication works, not a little is hoped to be done in the way of awakening and directing intellectual inquiry and bringing the treasures of knowledge to those who cannot enter the gates of the University to receive them. The directing of this important work has been entrusted to Professor R. G. Moulton, well known in educational circles as a brilliant lecturer in connection with the University Extension work in Cambridge, England; and his ardent advocacy of this new educational evangel on these shores has won for him the title of "the Apostle of the University Extension movement in the United States."

A National Disgrace.

It is a cause of shame and humiliation to every patriotic Canadian to read in the papers day after day of members of Parliament being unseated for bribery and corruption at the last general election; and such low forms of bribery, too—debauching men with drink and asking them to sell their birthright as citizens for less than a mess of pottage. And these men who have thus bought their way in Parliament have been enjoying the honours and dignities of that position for many months, and have been making laws for the country, and receiving the emoluments of their position, to which they were legally no more entitled than any one else. The man who obtains money under false pretences is sent to penitentiary, but these men will many of them be sent back to Parliament again. Canadians are themselves to blame if their country

is made a byword and reproach throughout the world. For bribery and corruption in high places and in low, we deem that it would be a just punishment if both the giver and the receiver of a bribe were forever deprived of the franchise which they use only to abuse and deprave and betray their country. The men who have received under false pretences these honours and emoluments should be fined the full amount of the money they have received, and be driven into the obscurity they deserve. The only hope of our country is the uprising of such a spirit of righteous indignation as shall make it forever impossible for any man to creep into office by such reptile arts. The exercise of the franchise should be regarded as a religious act, as a sacred trust, in the spirit of the following fine poem on the "Election Eve," by John Greenleaf Whittier:

Along the street
The shadows meet
Of destiny, whose hands conceal
The moulds of fate
That shape the state,
And make or mar the common weal.

Around I see
The powers that be;
I stand by empire's primal springs;
And princes meet
In every street,
And hear the tread of uncrowned kings!

Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact
The kingliest act
Of freedom is the freeman's vote!

Our hearts grow cold,
We rightly hold
A right which brave men died to gain;
The stake, the cord,
The axe, the sword,
Grim nurses at its birth of pain.

The shadow rend,
And o'er us bend,
O martyrs, with your crowns and palms—
Breathe through these throngs
Your battle songs,
Your scaffold prayers and dungeon psalms!

So shall our voice
Of sovereign choice
Swell the deep bass of duty done,
And strike the key
Of time to be,
When God and man shall speak as one!

The Sanctity of the Sabbath Maintained.

The recent vote on the Sunday cars in this city is a decisive triumph of the friends of the Sabbath against an attempted invasion of its sacred privilege of rest and quiet. It shows, too, how determined is the effort to break down these wise restraints. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Christian people must wage incessantly against such attacks. The battle may have to be fought over and over again, but if it be it will be but the furbishing of their arms for greater moral conquests, and will lead to a combination of effort. We were glad to see High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, Salvation Army officers, earnest-souled women, young men and maidens engaged in this crusade. The eyes of the continent have been upon Toronto during this contest, and a victory against the sanctity of God's day would have been a blow against the Sabbath everywhere. The victory in its defence will strengthen the hands of those who wish to gain for the workingman everywhere the Sabbath day's rest with all that it implies of home joys and church privileges.

We are glad, too, that an honest, plain, Methodist, temperance man has been elected as chief magistrate of this Queen City of the West, against a combination of adverse influences almost unprecedented in our city. Mr. Fleming, true to his cold-water principles, in returning thanks to the electors, invited them to come down to his inauguration and he would "treat them to the best that Lake Ontario could afford." We shall see civic banquets now from which the civic curse of liquor shall be banished.

We are glad, too, to see that a Methodist temperance mayor, Mr.

William Spencer, has been elected to the chief magistracy of the city of London. Both these victories are largely due to the indefatigable efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The women (God bless them) may always be trusted to vote right on every moral question. This is not the first victory they have won in Toronto, and we venture to say it will not be the last.

We are glad, too, that three out of five candidates have been elected on the Board of School Trustees, and that three women are also on the Board of High School management. It is surely eminently fit that those who have so much to do with the moral training of youth and childhood should have something to say in school management. Some of these ladies do honour to the Methodist Church, and others are prominent members of other Christian bodies. It is an omen of brightest augury that Christian women are taking part in civic duties.

One marked improvement, as a result of women voting, is the purer atmosphere of the polling booth. Instead of entering a room reeking with smoke, which several of the officials are polluting with their pipes, cleanliness, order, and decorum are observed, and the most delicate lady could record her vote, so far as we could learn, with no more embarrassment than is caused by buying a yard of ribbon in a dry-goods store.

Prof. Workman's Resignation.

It is a cause for extreme regret to very many that the relations between Dr. George C. Workman and Victoria University, of which he is such an accomplished alumnus, should have to be severed. The vote of the present writer on that question was one of the most painful duties he ever performed. Yet no private friendship, no sincere respect for the high scholarship and estimable personal character of the genial Professor could be allowed to interfere with the conscientious performance of that duty. We are persuaded that the almost unanimous vote of the Board of Regents in May last in asking Dr. Workman to confine his valuable instructions to the grammar, linguistic laws and philological relations of the Hebrew and cognate Oriental tongues, and to hold in abeyance his peculiar interpretation of prophecy, was intended as an act of generous kindness to Professor Workman, which involved no lowering of his status. We are sorry that Professor Workman's views of duty prevented his acceding to that request. We profoundly regret that his *Alma Mater*, to which he was so warmly attached, must lose the help of his distinguished scholarship and educational ability and zeal.

The Methodist Church is kindly tolerant as to the personal views of its ministers and members on a great many aspects of truth. But a majority of the Board of Regents, as the guardians of the welfare of Victoria College, and of the theological training of the ministry of the future, felt that they could not give the *imprimatur* of their endorsation to Dr. Workman's theory of Messianic Prophecy, which diverges so widely from that of the Methodist Church, and, so far as we know, by every other Church in Christendom.

Prison Reform Conference.

The friends of prison reform are to be congratulated on the success of their recent Conference at Shaftesbury Hall in this city. Few, if any, more representative gatherings have ever assembled in our country. Not less than twenty-six religious and philanthropic societies were represented on that occasion. Sir Daniel Wilson, Dr. E. A. Meredith, Canon DuMoulin, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Dr. Hugh Johnston, Mr. Beverley Jones, Rev. Father McCann, the Roman Catholic vicar-general, and many other of our foremost citizens, took part in the discussion.

The sympathy of the press is being enlisted in a very marked manner. The recommendations of the Prison Reform Commission were heartily approved. The conviction was strongly emphasized that one of the

most important of the proposed reforms is that of preventing young children from falling into vice rather than punishing them after they become vicious. The strongly worded resolutions of this Convention will doubtless not be without their effect upon the Ontario and Dominion Governments in promoting the needful prison reforms. This is a platform broad enough for men of all religious and political views to unite upon in earnest work to uplift the fallen, to succour the sorrowing, and to seek and to save that which was lost.

The Chinese Government and the Missionaries.

The *Review of Reviews* recently made the following statement: The curious consequence of the present agitation against the Europeans is that the Chinese Government itself has been compelled to vindicate the character of the Christian missionaries. The anti-foreign placards accuse the Christians of immorality, dishonesty and murder. The favourite charge is that women are procured to abduct children, whose eyes and intestines are taken out, and whose heart and kidneys are cut off. This extraordinary accusation has elicited from the Tsung-li-Yaman a direct declaration embodied on the official memorial to the Emperor, that the missionaries are an element of good in the land and not of evil. This is the formal finding of the Imperial Ministry, who, as usual, style themselves "the memorialists."

"The memorialists find that the religion of the great West persuades people to follow the paths of virtue. It has been propagated in all the western countries for many years. The hospitals for the sick and asylums for infants are all good works. Of late years in all places in the different provinces visited by calamities there were many missionaries who contributed large sums, and helped to alleviate the sufferings of the people. Their love to do good and their generosity in giving are certainly commendable."

On the strength of this memorial the Emperor issued an edict which favours the propagation of the Christian faith more than any previous edict that has been issued from the Chinese throne. So does God make the wrath of man to praise Him.

"Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown."

The late Dom Pedro, ex-Emperor of Brazil, realized to the full this truth. One of the most liberal-minded Emperors whose record adorns the page of history, the author of the provision for the abolition of slavery in Brazil, an unselfish seeker of the welfare of his subjects, he yet found his pillow planted with many thorns. Since his enforced abdication the country does not seem to have profited by its change of masters. The Latin races, especially in South America, seem incapable of the self-government of a republic, and it looks as if chaos were come again in Brazil. The recent death of Dom Pedro frustrates the designs of those who hoped for a return of the empire; but, with its immense resources, it is to be hoped that peace and prosperity will be restored to that vast country.

O word of God, thou precious seed,
  I take thee now into my heart;
O spring thou up in speech and deed,
  And good to other lives impart.

Speak thou so lovingly to men,
  Of the dear, dying Christ and Lord,
That my heart's fruit to seed again
  Shall turn, and each work have its word.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The mission work in London, East and West, commands universal attention. The "missioners" visit various provincial towns and hold a series of enthusiastic meetings. Rev. W. D. Walters, secretary, usually visits the places on the Sabbath previous, and preaches twice. Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., and others join him on Mondays, when public meetings are held. The "Sisters," by their plain narrations, produce great sympathy. They always have harrowing tales to tell respecting the demon drink, which confronts them everywhere. These noble women enter the cellars amongst filth and dirt, and climb garrets to relieve the sick, and reclaim the drunkard. Here the lowest class of humanity are to be found. A poor girl expressed a wish to lead a new life and live respectably, but said, "how can I, when my mother pawns any good clothes I may obtain." Mothers' meetings are instituted, children are gathered from the streets, pleasant evenings for the people are held, which have been a unique success.

The same may be said of Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other places, in all of which, similar missions are established with similar results, but, alas! in every place the drink fiend rages among all classes of the people. Dance houses in saloons have been visited, where great numbers of young persons of both sexes were found, not a few of whom were being led to ruin.

The students at Westminster Training College have a Mission Band, and hold prayer meetings and open air services whenever the weather will permit. The students have seen much of the worst side of Westminster life, where many degraded characters take up their abode. They have visited extensively among the people, and have been especially active among the children.

A new magazine, called *The Wesleyan Methodist Church Record* was commenced at the beginning of this year. 50,000 copies of the first number were printed. Exclusive of advertisements it will contain 24 pages of bright Methodist reading. The first number contains ten illustrations.

The visit to England of the Rev. David Hill, the hero of the Wesleyan Mission in China, has been described as "ointment poured forth." He attended several public meetings, and gave valuable information respecting mission work among the celestials. Two *Joyful News* evangelists have sailed to China to engage in evangelistic work.

Miss Brown, B.A., a daughter of the Rev. George Brown, President of the New South Wales and Queensland Conference, is the first girl graduate of Sydney University.

The Week of Prayer, as appointed by the Œcumenical Conference, was generally observed in England. The climax was reached in York, when an aggregate meeting of all the Methodist churches was held. The Chairman of the District, Rev. J. T. F. Halligey, told of the commencement of Methodism in the city in 1744, when John Nelson lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and proclaimed a full and free salvation in the streets, and where he suffered persecution. Further interest was excited by the fact that Joseph Pilmon was labouring in York when he received his appointment to America, and the people were so much interested in his mission that they made a collection after he

preached his last sermon, probably the first Methodist Missionary Collection ever made in England, which amounted to ten shillings.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Bishop Galloway has been appointed fraternal delegate to the British Wesleyan Conference, which he expects to attend in 1892.

Dr. John Potts is the Canadian representative to five Methodist Conferences in England, including the Irish Conference. An open session of Conference addressed by Bishop Galloway and Dr. Potts, cannot fail to be a memorable occasion. As the Conference is to meet at Bradford, Yorkshire, there will be some vigorous cries of "hear, hear," and now and then some loud hallelujahs. Some of us would like to be there.

The Methodist Church.

A site for Wesley College has been purchased in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A late number of the *Methodist Monthly Greeting* has reached us from Newfoundland. It is full of interesting matter respecting Methodism in that old mission field, where the missionaries have been real heroes.

An account is published respecting the erection of a church at Red Bay, Labrador, which the Missionary hopes to finish in two winters. Owing to the poverty of the people, and the difficulty of securing materials from a distance, it cannot be erected in less time.

The Missions in British Columbia, on the Fraser, comprise some fifty tribes of Indians. Out of 25,000 Indians in the province, only 10,000 have been evangelized. Among the Flatheads there have been wonderful changes in thirty years. At Port Simpson, and on the Naas River many Indians, as soon as they were converted, immediately went back to their own territory and told their experience with such effect that many others were led to accept the Gospel. The missionaries are real heroes, aud labour under great difficulties. They are worthy of the practical sympathy of the Church.

The Death Roll.

Rev. Geo. Beynon, died in December last at Brampton. He was one of the fathers of Canadian Methodism, and commenced his itinerancy in 1840. He was made Chairman of District in 1859, which position he held five years. In 1865, failure of health compelled him to ask for a superannuated relation, and he was never able afterwards to return to the "active work." As far as his health would allow, he was always ready to render aid to promote the interests of the Church. Bro. Beynon's is the thirteenth death that has occurred in the Western Conferences during the past year, nine of which were in the list of superannuates.

Rt. Rev. Samuel Adjai Crowther, Bishop of Niger Territory, Africa. We believe he was the first coloured Bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Church. His life-history is full of romance. He was born in the Yorubu country, and was subject to all the horrors of slavery in his native land, and was even sold for tobacco, and once exchanged for a horse. He was rescued by an English man-of-war vessel. At Sierra Leone he received an education, and became a school teacher. He was afterwards a student in the Church Missionary College at Islington, England. He became an active clergyman, and translated the Bible into Yorubu, and was the author of some valuable works. He rendered good service in various expeditions. The council of the Royal Geographical Society awarded him a gold watch for the services he rendered to geography.

The English Wesleyan Conference has suffered a great loss in the death of Rev. Francis J. Sharr, who died in London in the last month of 1891. He had been a minister for about forty years, all of which were spent in the active work except one year. He was the fruit of village Methodism, but such was his limited

education, that some were afraid to recommend him for the ministry; but he could preach. His three years residence at Didsbury, and close application to study throughout the whole of his life gave him a foremost place among his brethren. He believed and preached the doctrine of Entire Sanctification, as taught by John Wesley. He delivered the Fernley Lecture in 1891. For twenty years he laboured in Metropolitan circuits.

Rev. Alexander McCurdy, was a venerable and beloved minister in the Methodist New Connexion. He was contemporary with such ministers as the late Rev. W. Cooke, D.D., and Jas. Stacey, D.D. His death occurred last November, in the 71st year of his age, and the 46th of his ministry. He was Treasurer of several Connexional Funds, and was twice elected President of Conference.

Rev. Hugh Gilmore, was one of the best known Primitive Methodist ministers. He died in South Australia, and though his residence in the Southern world was only a few years, yet he became widely known, and wielded an immense influence. Sir George Grey pronounced one of his lectures the most able to which he had ever listened. Mr. Gilmore was born in obscurity. His first recollection was that he was a waif in the streets of Glasgow. Though by his labours he assisted to make many rich, he died poor, but his friends in England and Australia have contributed to a fund for the benefit of his widow and children.

Rev. John S. Peach, though a native of England, spent the whole of his ministry in Newfoundland. For thirty-six years he toiled hard in the mission-field, and then during the next fifteen years he lived in retirement. He died in the 81st year of his age, and the 52nd of his ministry. He was greatly beloved by his brother ministers, fifteen of whom attended his funeral. He was Chairman of District several years, and President of Conference one year. He also was member of three General Conferences.

Rev. L. N. Beaudry. We take the following from the Toronto *Mail:*

Much regret has been caused in French Protestant circles by the news of the death of Rev. L. N. Beaudry, the noted French evangelist, who has just died in Chicago. Mr. Beaudry was for many years a resident of Montreal, where he passed through exciting times, his church having been frequently attacked by mobs. The deceased was born of Catholic parents in Ticonderoga, New York, but while still a child he came to Canada with his parents, who settled near Farnham, Que. They again removed to the States a few years later, settling near their former home, where the subject of this sketch was educated. Here he was a school-fellow of Rev. Joseph Cook, the famous lecturer. The intimacy grew into a friendship which continued ever since between the two, and it is believed that owing to this companionship Mr. Beaudry was brought into the Protestant faith and confirmed in his religious views. After his conversion he entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the Troy Conference, and was stationed at Troy. He served in the American Northern Army during the Rebellion of the South, and was with Chaplain McCabe a prisoner in Libby prison. Returning to Troy, he was invited by Rev. Dr. Douglas to visit Montreal. As a result he was asked to take charge of the French Missions in the Province of Quebec. This invitation he accepted, and for ten years he filled the position with marked ability and success. He was inducted into the pastoral charge of the French Methodist church, and succeeded Rev. John Borland as Chairman of the District for French missions. He founded the French Educational Institute, which has now a fine building at Cote St. Antoine. His influence for good was widely felt. He was a man of great gentleness and consecration to his work, and was instrumental in leading, it is believed,

a thousand of his countrymen into the light, most of whom emigrated to the United States. Circumstances led Mr. Beaudry to believe that he could be more useful in the New England States on account of the settlement of so many of his countrymen there under conditions more favorable to their evangelization, and he accordingly re-united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was appointed to supervise their missions throughout New England. His home was in the vicinity of Albany, N. Y. Later an invitation reached him from Chicago, where fifty thousand French-Canadians were living without a Protestant mission, and he responded, believing that the call was from God. His subsequent success has strengthened others in the opinion, and the work, which opened full of promise, is developing a gratifying harvest.

Rev. N. H. Howard. This venerable brother died at his home in Elgin on January 8th. He was in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He had been in the active work of the ministry thirty-four years, and was superannuated twelve years ago.

Rev. James H. Geddes, another aged supernumerary minister, died at his residence on Bervie circuit on Saturday, January 3rd. Our venerable brother was in the eighty-sixth year of his age. His end was peace.

Rev. Herbert A. Baylis, one of the most promising young men in the Guelph Conference, died in the triumphs of faith at his home near Trowbridge on Sunday, December 20th, 1891, aged twenty-five years. Thus the youthful and the aged are alike cut down.

Book Notices.

Indika; The Country and the People of India and Ceylon. By JOHN F. HURST, D.D., LL.D. 8vo, pp. 794. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

About thirty years ago the Rev. Dr. Butler, the founder of American Methodist missions in London, who had passed through the horrors of the mutiny, wrote what was then probably the best book on India and mission life and work. In the present volume another distinguished Methodist divine presents what we judge to be one of the very best books extant on the same subject, bringing his book up to the present time, and illustrating it with the splendid resources of modern art. One of the difficulties of reviewing such a magnificent work is the very embarrassment of riches which it presents. Bishop Hurst has many advantages for the preparation of such a volume. He is a man of broadest culture, a veteran student of men of many races and of books of many tongues. As a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, he had the best opportunities for studying closely the inner life of India, especially of Indian missions, such as are closed to most travellers. He had also ample means for studying its public institutions, and learning what was best worth knowing in that vast and populous country. Bishop Hurst paints his picture of modern India upon the historic background of the past, and discusses with philosophic acumen the races, languages, religions and institutions of this old land, and describes with graphic pen its marvellous development in civilization. One of the most striking features in india is the government of 250,000,000 of Indians by less than 1,000 men, members of the Covenanted Service of India, the entire English population, civilians and soldiers, being only 140,000.

Egypt is the gift of the Nile, it has been said, but you could lose all Egypt in the plains which are the

gift of the Ganges. It would require 350,000 thousand-ton ships to freight the fertilizing material carried down by the Ganges every year, or 7,000,000 railway cars, making a train 67,000 miles long.

Bishop Hurst pays the strongest possible tribute to the beneficial effect, on the whole, to the British Government of India. Notwithstanding its complicity with the opium trade and the drink traffic, and its connivance at idolatrous practices—heavy blots upon its escutcheon—"yet," says the Bishop, "there still remain incalculable advantages to the country which must be placed to the credit and honour of the Anglo-Saxon in India." The suppression of sutteeism, of infanticide, of thugism and many other evils are directly due to British influence. "England," he adds, "has never achieved grander victories on Waterloo or at Quebec than those which belong to her quiet and peaceable administration in India. The day has not yet dawned when it is possible to measure the whole magnitude of England's service to the millions of India. Generations must elapse before this can be done. When the hour comes it will be seen that the English rule has never been wiser or more humane on the Thames or the St. Lawrence than on the Ganges, the Indus and the Godavari. England's conquest has been less by steel and gunpowder than by all the great forces which constitute a Christian civilization."

One of these striking benefits has been the unification of India. The land was one great tangled skein of races, languages and regent governments. Century after century rolled by, and still the war of strife and bloodshed went on. This is all now subdued by the strong, firm hand of England.

Bishop Hurst pays a very high tribute to the influence of Lord and Lady Dufferin in India. Speaking of Lady Dufferin's sympathy with the women of India and her efforts on their behalf, he says, "I little thought when I saw the splendid reception given to Lord and Lady Dufferin on their entrance into Calcutta, what a burden was resting on Lady Dufferin's heart. The sorrows of the women of India seem to have been constantly in her mind." The outcome of this has been the organization of a Female Medical Aid Association, providing medical instruction, medical relief, medical supplies and trained nurses, with, in 1889, sixty-five female doctors practising in India. To this association two native princes gave the sum of $190,000.

The Bishop mentions a striking illustration of Lord Dufferin's accomplishments as a scholar and linguist in the fact that Dr. Schliemann showed him an address in modern Greek, delivered by Lord Dufferin in Athens with the greatest correctness and without any help from his manuscript.

In the chapters on English writers in India, we have a striking illustration of the growth of an English literature in that great dependency of the empire. Macaulay and Thackeray can scarcely be said to belong to India, but the English papers, magazines and reviews of that country are of a very high order of merit. One of the most striking features of this book is the admirable coloured maps by which it is illustrated, showing the racial divisions, the missionary districts, the map of the famine regions and of the distribution of forest trees, crops and the like. One of the most interesting sections is that devoted to the Protestant and Roman Catholic missions. The Bishop exclaims with enthusiasm, "India is now open to missionary work; all the Indian gates are down, the bars are shattered into small fragments, the locks are ground into fine dust; every stream sings a welcome to the evangelists of peace! The king of nations is entering! England has learned that the Christian religion is the real and only basis of a permanent tenure of the country."

At least six great famines have swept over India in the historic period, in some of which ten million people perished. In the last famine sixteen million suffered from death, disease and insufficient food. For their relief the Government ex-

pended £17,500,000 in famine relief alone, and, thanks to railways, irrigation system, etc., this one at least of Indian plagues is all but impossible.

In striking contrast to

The wealth of Ormuz and of Inde,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,

with its ivory palaces and jewelled halls, is the grinding poverty of the millions of India. Bishop Thorburn states that the average wages for a man and his family is five cents a day, about fifteen dollars a year. Ten millions of the people never sleep under any covering but the sky, and millions wear no clothing but a cotton loin cloth. One cause of this poverty is alleged to be the hoarded up wealth of the native princes; another the imperfect cultivation of the soil; but these great evils in time are likely to be greatly mitigated.

There is a vein of humour running through Bishop Hurst's chapter on the Battle of the English with the Indian Languages, and the Agonies of English Style. In the English schools the natives found their literary style on the classic models of Addison and Goldsmith, and the way in which native students speak in a mosaic of high-flown English and classic quotations is at least rather remarkable. A more practical education is now being dispensed, and some of the native scholars speak English with a proficiency, a propriety and an eloquence seldom surpassed by those to whom the language is vernacular. The book is handsomely illustrated with about three hundred engravings, many of them of etching-like delicacy, illustrating every phase of Indian life.

The People's Bible; Discourses on the Holy Scriptures. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Minister of the City Temple, London. The Apostolic Life as Revealed in the Acts of the Apostles. Vol. I. 366, Vol. II. 361, Vol. III. 365. Price $1.50. New York and London: Funk and Wagnalls, and 86 Bay Street, Toronto. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Dr. Parker's three volumes on the Apostolic Life form an admirable sequel to his previous volumes on the Inner Life of Christ. The history of those early and heroic ages of the Church will this year be more profoundly studied throughout Christendom than ever before. Two million of teachers throughout the world, with the best light which they may be able to focus on the pages, will be studying week by week that wonderful story, and ten or twelve millions of scholars will be following, with more or less thoughtful care, their instructions.

What a sublime record this book of the Acts contains! "Here," says Dr. Parker, "all is movement, progress, controversy and spiritual conquest; the Church rears its marvellous form amidst the tumults of the world's most exciting history, and names rise almost visibly out of social obscurity into the noblest fame known to human society. The book may be compared to a battlefield, in which the contest lies between a feebleness socially contemptible and a strength socially imperial and invincible."

The study of abstract doctrine is seldom attractive, especially for young minds; but here, as compared with concrete facts, it becomes intensely interesting and instructive. As a specimen of Dr. Parker's vigorous and striking method, note this extract from his description of the effect of Pentecost upon Peter, Acts ii. 22-36: "This is a full length portrait of Peter himself. If we see clearly the effect upon Peter, we shall have a true idea of the effect of the outpourings of the Holy Ghost upon the entire Church. God shows us things that are too great to be seen in their completeness in illustrative and easily comprehended parts. Fix your minds, therefore, upon Peter. We know that he has been up to this time ardent, impulsive, unbalanced, enthusiastic, cowardly. Since we last saw him,

during the days of the bodily-present Christ, he has been the subject of Pentecostal influence. We have, therefore, to look on this picture and on this; and upon the *change* discoverable between the two pictures you may find your estimate of the value of spiritual inspiration. I notice his *heroic eloquence.* He is not only a speaker, he is a *burning* speaker. This man is not only speaking words, he is speaking them with *unction*, with *fire*, with emphasis never heard in his tone before. It was not only eloquence, it was *reasoning* on fire. Notice Peter's grasp of biblical truth. Not only was he transformed into an orator, he was transformed into a profound *expositor* of the divine purpose in the creation and education of the Church. He sees that the ages are not unrelated days, broken and incohesive nights, but that the ages are ONE as a day is one, from its grey dawn to the time of the lighting of the evening star."

And so our modern expositor goes on, with not a little of Peter's force and fervour, and his "reasoning on fire." We heartily commend these volumes to the pastor or teacher who would get a broad view of this wonderful book, a new insight into its depths of meaning, and an apprehension of its spiritual power.

Songs of the Human. By WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE. Toronto: Hart & Co. Price $1.25.

This is a dainty little volume in brown and white silk, fit for Queen Titania's hand. This is not Mr. McKenzie's first essay in verse; he has given to the world two other volumes, which elicited high commendation from critical journals. There is evidence in this volume of a fine vein of poetry, and of great facility of expression. The author's mastery of the technique of verse as exhibited in triolets, the villanelle and sonnet, is very complete. But more important than the form is the spirit of his verse. It is in the first place thoroughly Canadian, and has a patriotic ring that is very gratifying in these days, when we hear so much of a contrary character. The "Dead March," in memory of Col. Williams, and the poem to "The Great West," and that to Canada, are evidences of this feeling.

There is also a deeply religious spirit. The poems on Nazareth, Capernaum and Sychar are instinct with religious feeling. From the latter we quote a single stanza:

Weary of travel the Master came,
  And rested by Jacob's well;
And there to a woman whose life was shame,
  He scorned not of peace to tell—
How the spring of her life might be pure for her,
How truth life's anguish might cure for her,
And life everlasting be sure for her;
  "Is not this the Christ?" she said.

"The Diary of a Lonely Soul" is a thoughtful psychological study. Mr. McKenzie strongly voices his protest against the wrong and oppression of the millions of Russia by the bureaucracy and despotism of that country. Of this his "Dream of a Nihilist," and the frontispiece to his volume of verses, give evidence.

A pensive vein, yet inwrought with threads of hope, appears in some of his verses, as in "Alone;" but a serene Christian faith is the final expression of his poems, as in the one entitled "Conclusion," which we quote in full:

I am only a child, who is lying
  On the bosom of Infinite Love;
I speak not of living or dying,
I know not of sorrow or crying,
  My thoughts are dwelling above.

The spring of the life that is flowing
  Is hidden with Christ in God;
Not yet the mystery knowing,
I feel that the peace is growing
  As the river grows deep and broad.

All I need without price I am buying
  By my trust in the Goodness above;
There's an end to my yearning and sighing,
For just like a child I am lying
  On the bosom of Infinite Love.